Maryland in Prose and Poetry

Recitations and Readings Pertaining to the State: with Notes

Compiled by

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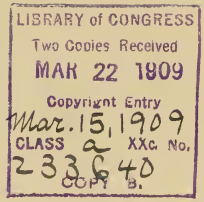

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INTRODUCTION.

Definite and legal provision for Maryland Day, and the well-nigh general observance of the anniversary by our public schools, justify this volume, and must furnish the necessary excuse for its publication.

The need of a well-arranged collection of Maryland poems and prose excerpts fairly descriptive of the part our State and its people have played in making both State and national history, has been so keenly felt, especially for the past few years, that school officials and teachers will greet its appearance and appropriate its subject matter even though it might lack the usual words of introduction. It should be a desk book for every public school teacher. The selections have been made with much care and after considerable research by persons competent to undertake such painstaking work. The proof sheets of the publication were critically read by State and county school officials and everything done to make the book a valuable help to attain the ends for which its publication was designed.

The Maryland Day idea was conceived in a spirit of loyalty and patriotism, and the fire which has been kindled in the breast of the State's childhood should not be permitted to die out for lack of material to make this special anniversary both instructive and inspiring. The character of the annual observance should broaden and deepen until it becomes intensive enough to arouse both young and old to a high

sense of public duty and attach all more strongly to our State and its institutions. Love of country and state pride must be fostered in every public school because patriotism is at least a cornerstone on which the structure of good citizenship rests.

Patriotic zeal does not lie dormant, as some erroneously suppose, until aroused by the issues of war; the victories of peace are not less vital and illustrious than those of warfare. This phase of the child's education is a very important one and our public school forces must so plan instruction as to affect favorably human conduct. Indeed the encouragement or development of good citizenship is the excuse of the State for assuming control of the public schools. Apart from any consideration of the daily routine work of the schoolroom, all of which is arranged to bring about a consummation of this purpose, the annual observance of the twenty-fifth day of March for the past five years has demonstrated the wisdom of having a special day at least once a year devoted to the study of the State and its history. We ought to provide the teachers with all needed material to arrange a program for the day which will be both entertaining and instructive. This book will aid materially in doing this and because of this conviction I most heartily approve and commend it to the officers and teachers of the public schools of Maryland.

M. Bates Stephens,
State Superintendent.

Annapolis, Md., February 20, 1909.

COMPILERS' PREFACE.

The object of the compilers of this volume has been to gather in handy compass a collection of poems and extracts in prose and verse, from sources not generally accessible, touching on leading phases of Maryland history or having some special interest.

The range of subject and comment before the compilers was wide and the number of selections that could be used was necessarily limited. No strict chronological order could be followed in their arrangement. Many of the selections are from serious and authoritative writings; and while the novelist and the poet are to be allowed some license, care has been taken to include nothing not having historic truth and adaptability to the design of the volume. As a rule, no changes have been made in typographical peculiarities in the various selections. Thus, "Frederic" in "When Key Wrote His Song," and "Upper Marlbro'" are reprinted as spelled in the Taney letter; capitalization of the original has been followed. It will also be seen that some authors do not note changes in county lines, and the observant reader will keep in mind that there is much difference between the present bounds of counties and those of a number of them at the time of the events spoken of.

The notes, it is hoped, will be found useful and suggestive. They are arranged alphabetically, for easy reference, and where it has been thought advisable, data concerning men or events mentioned in an extract

has been grouped under the author's name. Whenever matter in one selection which may appear obscure has been clearly treated in another the compilers have refrained from adding to the bulk of the notes.

Intended for supplementary reading, and to inspire interest in the story of the State, this volume does not trench on the province of the textbook or the field of the special writer; but affords a limited survey of some noteworthy contributions to literature relating to Maryland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF MARCH.

The twenty-fifth of March is the day on which the first colonists sent out by Lord Baltimore landed on the soil of Maryland. In 1903 that day was celebrated throughout the schools of the State as Maryland Day . . . Lady Day in March is a fit time for the beginning of things. With the feast of the Annunciation all mediaeval Christendom began the new year and tenants of land throughout England remembered it as the quarter-day, when rents were paid. No fitter day could be chosen than this as the natal day of that State which is Terra Mariae. No other day was so well suited for the first settlement of the province, and no other name could have been given to the place of settlement than the name which was hers to whom the day was dedicated, and hers from whom the province took its name.

The pious men in the first company of settlers must have thought with pleasure on this coincidence of dates when they landed on the bank of the Potomac. Spring was at hand and with it bloomed Maryland into life . . . The settlers took a large tree on the island and, making it into a cross, the governor and commissioners, with the rest of the chiefest adventurers, carried it to a place prepared for it. There they erected the cross, celebrated the mass, and took "solemn possession of the country for our Saviour and for our Sovereign Lord the King of England." This was done on Tuesday, March 25, 1634, "Our blessed Lady's day in Lent." With this religious ceremony begin the acts of the settlers. McMahon calls this day "the birthday of a free people," worthy of commemoration to the latest day of their existence.

—*Bernard C. Steiner.*

OUR OWN BOLD CHESAPEAKE.

Let others roam through foreign lands
  Renowned in ancient story,—
And sing of Europe's classic strands,
  Her ruins wild and hoary:
But skies as clear, and scenes more dear,
And lovelier far we seek
On a steamer brave, o'er the sparkling wave
  Of our own bold Chesapeake.

Say, where on earth are fields more fair,
  And where are lovelier waters?
And O! can Europe's dames compare
  With Baltimore's sweet daughters?
Then give to me our own bright sea,
  The steamer's joyous deck,
And the forest brave and the sparkling wave
  Of our own bold Chesapeake.

By day, as on its breast we rove
  No danger can betide us;
By night the silver moon above
  And friendly lighthouse guide us.
Then merry be, with song and glee:
  No lovelier scenes we'll seek
Than the forest brave and the sparkling wave
  Of our own bold Chesapeake!

—*Coleman Yellott.*

TO THE POTOMAC.

Beautiful river! On thy buoyant waves
How many fleets have floated, and how oft
The loud "Yo heave!" has echoed from thy shores,
As the old sailor neared his happy home,
That like a bower rested on thy banks,
And sung for very gladness at the thought
Of hailing those he loved—his wife, his child—
From whom the waves had parted him so long.

—*Rev. John N. McJilton, D. D.*

MARYLAND'S FIRST CAPITAL.

Thus did the ancient City of Saint Mary's spring into being, flourish and pass away. In the "very State to which it gave birth;" in the State whose foundations it erected; in the State many of whose most valued institutions and more ancient principles of organic law it established, it today stands almost a "solitary spot, dedicated to God, and a fit memento of perishable man."

But it is one which, as long as civilization shall endure upon the earth, will be memorable in the history of its development. The philosopher and statesman, when tracing back the progress of the political systems of men, from the loftiest heights they shall ever reach, will always pause upon the banks of the Saint Mary's to contemplate one of the greatest epochs in their history. It was there that, under the auspices of the founders of the State of Maryland, the injured freemen of England found a refuge from the depredations of royal power; it was there that the inherent rights of man found opportunity for growth to strength and vigor away from the depressing tyranny of kings; it was there that the ancient privileges of the people that came down with the succeeding generations of our fathers from the morning twilight of Anglo-Saxon history, struggling through the centuries of varying fortunes, at last found a home and a country as all-pervading as the atmosphere around them; it was there that these principles and rights first entered into the practical operations of government; it was there that was established the first State in America where the people were governed by laws made by themselves; it

was there that was organized the first civil government in the history of the Christian world which was administered under that glorious principle of American liberty—the independence of Church and State in their relation to each other; it was there, too, that freedom of conscience in all of its breadth and fullness was first proclaimed to men as their inherent and inviolable right in tones which, sounding above the tempest of bigotry and persecution, were to continue forever, from age to age, to gladden the world with the assurance of practical Christian charity and ultimately find expression in the political systems of every civilized people.

Such was the halo surrounding Maryland's early colonial metropolis, and yet the present generation asks when and where it was; such the renown of Maryland's first capital, embodying in its history the germ of so much of that which gave grandeur and glory as well as inspiration and pride to the later annals of the State, and yet, history has recorded its birth without a smile, and written its epitaph without a tear.

In desolation and ruin, as it is, and though its hearthstone is buried beneath the moss of so many years, it should be revered as a hallowed spot; sacred to the "proudest memories" of Maryland; endeared in the pride and in the affection of its sons and its daughters; the glory of every American patriot; for it was the spot where first arose the radiant morning sun of our religious freedom; the spot where first broke and brightened into effulgent daylight the early dawn of our civil liberty.

—*James W. Thomas.*

THE MEN OF OLD KENT.

Ta-lara, ta-lara, the hounds hear the horn,
The bugles of Kentland have challenged the morn,
The brush of sly Reynard is bobbing a-glee
O'er gully and bramble, beneath the green tree!
Ta-lara, ta-lara, away the pack goes
Up, beauties of Kentland, with cheeks of the rose!

Ta-lara, ta-lara, the bugles are sweet
That call the gay rally through orchard, o'er wheat!
The men of old Kent give one cup to the morn,
One cup to the stirrup, then off to the horn,
And wild in the revel, with sweethearts and wives,
Ta-lara, ta-lara, they ride for their lives!

The men of old Kent with their courtly, fine grace,
The ruddy, red wine of the wind on their face;
The daughters, the daughters, ah, maidens of dream,
To horse for the dare-devil leap o'er the stream!
Bramble path, briar hedge, never a fear—
While youth's in the blood and the bugles ring clear!

Ta-lara, sweet Chester! Afar o'er your tide
The cries of the chase and the revelry glide.
Ta-lara, sweet Kentland! O'er orchard and plain
The morning rings sweet with the jocund refrain,
And eyes speak to eyes in a language the horn
Plays up to the pipes of the rosy-sweet morn!

Far ringing, far swinging, the hounds are away,
The woodland's awake with their deep-throated bay;
The bark of the quarry, the scent of his trail
Are over the dawn-breath of meadow and vale!
Ta-lara, sweet Kentland! Across thy fair bounds
Then home again, home again, follow the hounds!

Home again, ladies, and home again, men!
Home from the bracken and home from the glen;
Wild ring the bugles, the brush shall be fair
To deck Kentish sweethearts, to garland the hair!
Wax the oak flooring and rosin the bows,
And choose ye a maiden—each maid is a rose!

Heigh-ho, the fiddles of love's young romance,
The men of old Kent are a-swing to the dance,
The quarry is captured, the hounds are at rest,
The sun over Chester glows gold in the west;
Hearts beat to music and crimson lips sing,
And roses are red in the sweet cheeks of spring!

Ta-lara, ta-lara, o'er barley and corn
Ring softly the echoes that woke the red morn!
The men of old Kent lift their glasses in air,
For love of the ladies, for hearts of the fair,
And loud ring the toasts and sweet is the praise
Where eyes speak to eyes in the old sweetheart ways!

Ta-lara, brave hunters! Blow, bugles of dream!
Rise, sweet of the past, in the fancy's fair gleam!
Dance, dames and fair maidens! And men of old Kent
(With eyes on the red cheeks of revelry bent),
There by the lowboy, with glasses in air—
God's grace to the sweethearts that waltz with you there!

—Folger McKinsey.

RENCONTRE AT THE BLACK CHAPEL.

Some little time was spent in kindling a fire, which had no sooner begun to blaze than Dauntrees, with the Ranger and the Indian, set forth on their reconnoissance of the Chapel, leaving Weasel assured that he was rendering important service in guarding the provender and comforting himself by the blazing fagots.

They walked briskly across the open ground toward the water, and as they now approached the spot which common rumour had invested with so many terrors, even these bold adventurers themselves were not without some misgivings.

"By my troth, Arnold," said Dauntrees, as they strode forward, "although we jest at yonder white-

livered vintner, this matter we have in hand might excuse an ague in a stouter man. I care not to confess that the love I bear his Lordship, together with some punctilio of duty, is the only argument that might bring me here tonight. I would rather stand a score of pikes in an onset with my single hand, where the business is with flesh and blood, than buffet with a single imp of the Wizard. They say these spirits are quick to punish rashness."

"As Lord Charles commands we must do his bidding," replied the forester. "When the business in hand must be done I never stop to think of the danger of it. If we should not get back, Lord Charles has as good men to fill our places. I have been scared more than once by these night devils till my hair lifted my cap with fright, but I never lost my wits so far as not to strike or to run at the good season."

"I am an old rover and have had my share of goblins," returned the Captain, "and never flinched to sulphur or brimstone, whether projected by the breath of a devil or a culverin. I am not to be scared now from my duty by any of Paul Kelpy's brood, though I say again I like not this strife with shadows. His Lordship shall not say we failed in our outlook . . . Why do you halt, Pamesack?"

"I hear the tread of a foot," replied the Indian.

"A deer stalking on the shore of the creek," said Dauntrees.

"More like the foot of a man," returned Pamesack, in a lowered voice. "We should talk less to make our way safe. There is the growl of a dog."

Arnold now called the attention of his companions to the outlines of a low hut, which was barely discern-

able through the wood, where an open space brought the angle of the roof into relief against the water of the creek, and as they approached near enough to examine the little structure more minutely they were saluted by the surly bark of a deep-throated dog, fiercely redoubled. At the same time the sound of receding footsteps was distinctly audible.

"Who dwells here?" inquired Dauntrees, striking the door with the hilt of his sword.

There was no answer and the door gave way to the thrust and flew wide open. The apartment was tenantless. A few coals of fire gleaming from the embers, and a low bench furnished with a blanket rendered it obvious that this solitary abode had been but recently deserted by its possessors. A hasty survey of the hut, which was at first fiercely disputed by the dog—a cross-grained and sturdy mastiff—until a sharp blow from a staff which the forester bestowed sent him growling from the premises, satisfied the explorers that so far, at least ,they had encountered nothing supernatural, and without further delay or comment upon this incident they took their course along the margin of St. Jerome's Creek. After a short interval, the beating of the waves upon the beach informed them that they had reached the neighborhood of the shore of the Chesapeake. Here a halt and an attentive examination of the locality made them aware that they stood upon a bank, which descended somewhat abruptly to the level of the beach that lay some fifty yards or more beyond them. In the dim starlight they were able to trace the profile of a low but capacious tenement which stood almost on the tide mark.

"It is the Chapel," said Dauntrees in an involuntary whisper, as he touched the Ranger's arm.

"It is Paul Kelpy's house, all the same, as I have known it these twenty years—a silent and wicked house," whispered Arnold in reply.

"And a pretty spot for the devil to lurk in," said Dauntrees, resuming his ordinary tone.

"Hold, Captain," interrupted the Ranger, "no foul words so near the Haunted House. The good saints be above us," he added, crossing himself and muttering a short prayer.

"Follow me down the bank," said Dauntrees, in a low but resolute voice, "but first look to your carbines that they be charged and primed. I will break in the door of this ungodly den and ransack its corners before I leave it. Holy St. Michael, the Archfiend is in the Chapel and warns us away!" he exclaimed, as suddenly a flash of crimson light illuminated every window in the building. "It is the same warning given to Burton and myself once before. Stand your ground, comrades; we shall be beset by these ministers of sin!"

As the flashes of this lurid light were thrice repeated, Pamesack was seen on the edge of the bank fixed like a statue, with foot and arm extended, looking with a stern gaze towards this appalling spectacle. Arnold recoiled a pace and brought his hand across his eyes, and was revealed in this posture as he exclaimed in his marked Dutch accent: "The fisherman's blood is turned to fire; we had best go no further, masters." Dauntrees had advanced half way down the bank, and the glare disclosed him as suddenly arrested in his career; his sword gleamed

above his head, whilst his short cloak was drawn by the motion of his left arm under his chin, and his broad beaver, pistoled belt and wide boots, now tinged with the premature light, gave to his figure that rich effect which painters are pleased to copy.

"I saw Satan's imps within the chamber," exclaimed the Captain. "As I would the blessed Martyrs be with us, I saw the very servitors of the Fiend! They are many and mischievous, and shall be defied though we battle with the Prince of the Air. What ho, I defy thee! In the name of our patron, the holy and blessed St. Ignatius, I defy thee!"

There was a deeper darkness as Dauntrees rushed almost to the door of the house with his sword in his hand. Again the same deep flashes of fire illumined the windows, and two or three figures in grotesque costumes, with strange, unearthly faces, were seen for the instant within. Dauntrees retreated a few steps nearer to his companions, and drawing his pistol held it ready for instant use. It was discharged at the windows with the next flash of the light, and the report was followed by a hoarse and yelling laugh from the tenants of the house.

"Once more I defy thee!" shouted the Captain, with a loud voice; "and in the name of our holy church, and by the order of the Lord Proprietary, I demand what do you here with these hellish rites?"

The answer was returned in a still louder laugh and in a shot fired at the challenger, the momentary light of the explosion revealing, as Dauntrees imagined, a cloaked figure presenting a harquebuss through the window.

"Protect yourselves, friends," he exclaimed, "with such shelter as you may find," at the same time retreating to the cover of an oak which stood upon the bank. "These demons show weapons like our own. I will e'en ply the trade with thee, accursed spirits!" he added, as he discharged a second pistol.

The Ranger and Pamesack had already taken shelter, and their carbines were also leveled and fired. Some two or three shots were returned from the house, accompanied with the same rude laugh which attended the first onset, and the scene, for a moment, would have been thought rather to resemble the assault and defense of mortal foes than the strife of men with intangible goblins, but that there were mixed with it other accompaniments altogether unlike the circumstance of mortal battle; a loud, heavy sound as of rolling thunder echoed from the interior of the Chapel and in the glimpses of light the antic figures within were discerned as dancing with strange and preposterous motions.

"It avails us not to contend against these fiends," said Dauntrees. "They are enough to maintain their post against us, even if they fought with human implements. Our task is accomplished by gaining sight of the Chapel and its inmates. We may certify what we have seen to his Lordship; so, masters, move warily and quickly rearward. Ay, laugh again, you juggling minions of the devil!" he said, as a hoarse shout of exultation resounded from the house, when the assailants commenced their retreat. "Put on the shape of men and we may deal with you! Forward, Arnold; if we tarry our retreat may be vexed with dangers against which we are not provided."

"I hope this is the last time we shall visit this devil's den," said Arnold, as he obeyed the Captain's injunction, and moved, as rapidly as his long stride would enable him to walk, from the scene of their late assault.

—*John Pendleton Kennedy.*

A FAIR COUNTRY—THE EASTERN SHORE.

Fair country, through which rivers flow,
In slender forms, like silver threads,
Where, mirrored in their surface glow
The whitened sail of commerce spreads!

The swift wave rolls upon the deep,
There cutters ride where white caps toss,
And schooners scud with graceful sweep,
In haste the briny bay to cross.

The birds sing notes of cheerful praise
In melody that's unsurpassed;
Out from the wealth of golden days
The harvest riches are amassed.

Fair country, through which rivers flow,
How beautiful your noontides glow!
A stillness spreads beneath the skies
And wonderful the landscape lies.

. . . . . .

The poet halts beside your flood
And broods in silence by its spell;
He treads the mazes of your wood
Only to hear a funeral knell.

And well-known forms in fancy's sight—
They troop about his heart to play;
Back from the shades of long good night,
To tarry in his memory.

—*William M. Marine.*

CALVERT'S COLONY.

The beginnings of the history of Maryland are associated with that great epoch in the constitutional history of England which had its manifest rise in the reign of James I—when Parliament withstood the Crown and the country party defied the court party, and the train of events was laid which led ultimately to the plain of Marston Moor, the rout of Naseby, the dread block of Whitehall and the mist-crowned hills of Dunbar. The fascinating and tragic story of the Stuarts is interwoven with the settlement and early years of the colony; the contest between Cavalier and Roundhead, Catholic and Puritan in England had its counterpart in Maryland. The public career of Sir George Calvert, the pupil of Cecil in statecraft, Secretary of State and Privy Councilor, connects the origin of Maryland with the reign of James, and throws light upon the motives which led to the establishment of the "Land of the Sanctuary." Calvert's conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, his retirement from politics, his effort to found the colony of Avalon in Newfoundland, his visit to Virginia and his hostile reception there, and his death just before the charter of Terra Mariae had passed the Great Seal, are parts of the interesting story which precede the landing of the Ark and the Dove at St. Clement's Island and the mass on the Feast of the Annunciation. The charter of Maryland, granted to Cecilius Calvert, second Lord Baltimore, is the most remarkable document of the kind in American history. It made of the province a palatinate, a principality in itself, and vested in the Proprietary supreme powers of government. The wisdom

and judiciousness with which Baltimore exercised these, and the broad and sagacious plan which his father laid for his project, have been the admiration of succeeding statesmen and historians.

As a colony, the history of Maryland is full of incident. Co-eval with its establishment the jealousy of Virginia was aroused, and early in its annals appears the naval battle in the Pocomoke. Clayborne's trading-post on the "Ile of Kent" divides attention at the outset of our provincial story with the landing of the colonists, and the purchase by Governor Leonard Calvert of the Indian village of Yaocomico, as the site of the city of St. Mary's. The claims of Clayborne to prior occupation of the territory, his "rebellion" against the authority of Baltimore, and all the conflicts and intrigues of that time in Maryland, in Virginia and in the palace of Whitehall, afford material for interesting study. The "rebellions" of Ingle, of Coode and Fendall, the effect upon Maryland of the civil commotions in England, Indian troubles and their causes; the ascendancy of the Puritans during the Cromwellian period, the suspension of the charter by William, and the restoration of the province to the Protestant Charles, fifth Lord Baltimore; the controversy with Penn about boundaries, and the running of Mason's and Dixon's Line; depredations of the Indians on the western frontier during the French and Indian War and the many moving events of Governor Horatio Sharpe's administration bring the history of Maryland down to the closing era of Proprietary government. Six Lords Baltimore were laid in their graves by 1771, and the line which began so gloriously and auspiciously with George had ended with the dissolute Fred-

erick. To him succeeded his natural son Henry Harford, a minor, and from 1769 to 1774 the governor was Sir Robert Eden, whose wife was a Calvert. In Sharpe's day had arisen the questions of taxation—pressed upon England by the stern necessities which faced her after the treaty of Paris, and Hood, stamp-distributor, had been driven, by ungentle hints and overt acts, from the province. The Frederick county court transacted its business in defiance of the Stamp Act. The beginning of the end of British rule in America had come, and Maryland's own sons and daughters have been among the most backward in learning and maintaining her proud position in that period. The "Boston Tea Party" was disguised in Indian blankets and feathers, but the owner of the tea-laden Peggy Stewart was compelled, in the light of day, by men whom everyone knew, to burn his vessel and cargo in Annapolis harbor. The people seized the reins of government in 1774 and administered the affairs of the province through the Convention until the time had arrived for them to declare Maryland a free and independent State.

MARYLAND.

We dedicate our song to thee,
Maryland, my Maryland.
The home of light and liberty,
Maryland, my Maryland.
We love thy streams and wooded hills,
Thy mountains with their gushing rills,
Thy scenes—our heart with rapture fills—
Maryland, my Maryland!

In twain the Chesapeake divides
Maryland, my Maryland.
While oceanward its water glides,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Yet we in thought and purpose one
Pursue the work so well begun,
And may our State be ne'er outdone,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Proud sons and daughters boast of thee,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Thine is a precious history,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Brave hearts have held thy honor dear,
Have met the foemen far and near,
But victory has furnished cheer,
Maryland, my Maryland!

"Sail on, sail on, O ship of state!"
Maryland, my Maryland.
May we, thy children, make thee great.
Maryland, my Maryland.
May gratitude our hearts possess
And boldly we thy claims express,
And bow in loving thankfulness,
Maryland, my Maryland!

—*John T. White.*

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

The Great Seal of Maryland presents a marked contrast to those of the other States of the American Union in that its device consists of armorial bearings of a strictly heraldic character, being in fact the family arms of the Lords Baltimore, which were placed by the first Proprietary upon the Seal of the Province at the time of its founding.

Most of the States have upon their seals emblems indicative of agriculture, or kindred subjects, represented in a more or less pictorial or allegorical manner. The colonies that were governed directly under the British crown formerly had seals upon which were symbols of the royal authority; but these were discarded at the time of the Revolution, and in their stead were adopted devices more in harmony with the new order of affairs. The New England Colony and Virginia, for example, had seals bearing upon the obverse the effigy of the sovereign, and upon the reverse the royal arms of Great Britain. The seal of Carolina had depicted on one side horns of plenty and other symbols of a youthful colony, and upon the other the arms of the eight Lords Proprietors, but this seal, like those of the royal colonies, has become a thing of the past.

Maryland, like the other States, put aside shortly after the Revolution the seal in use during the colonial period, and adopted one supposed to be more in consonance with the spirit of republican institutions; but after awhile the historic interest attaching to the old Provincial Seal came to be recognized, and the ancient coat-of-arms was finally, by legislative enactment, restored to the Seal of the State.

—*Clayton C. Hall.*

CHAMPION OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.

The impartial verdict of history must concede to Calvert's Catholic colony the proud distinction of being the first, and, for a generation, the sole champion of

religious freedom on the Western Hemisphere. Controversy has centered about the famous Toleration Act of 1649. Protestants, as well as Catholics, have claimed the honor of its passage. The early religious freedom of which we boast had neither genesis nor supports in legislative enactments. Religious toleration prevailed as a habit of the settlers of St. Mary's, forceful and wholesome as an inchoate law, years before the hybrid statute of 1649 was submitted to vote. Unfriendly critics have further urged that this Catholic toleration had its genesis in political necessity, and was nurtured by a broad policy of farsighted self-interest. We reject the unworthy imputation that the colonists of St. Mary's knew no higher sanction for their tolerance than the restrictions of a charter or the dictates of the commonplace law of self-interest. The course of history prior to the seventeenth century has been sufficient to show the irrelation between low ideals of conduct and religious persecution. Toleration was the child of force, not of philosophic calm . . . We must look into the spirit of bygone times in order to appreciate the true worth and meaning of the great principle upheld by these settlers of St. Mary's. They had to suffer much, to surrender much, to obey, in the land of their nativity; with true nobility they welcome their former oppressors to their newfound lands beyond the sea; with true nobility they pledge their officers not to molest any "person professing to believe in Jesus Christ for or in respect of religion." Whatever the motive, the world had not in that day seen the like.

—Alfred Pearce Dennis.

A TRIBUTE TO MARYLAND.

On the Two Hundred and Seventy-fourth Anniversary of Her Settlement.

[Respectfully dedicated to the State and county superintendents, teachers and pupils of the public schools of Maryland.]

Hail, Maryland! thou grand old State,
Today thy birth we celebrate,
And raise our thankful voices high
To Him, the God of earth and sky.

Hail to the Calverts! dear of old,
Who braved the storm and sleet and cold,
To found a land untrammeled free,
A land of sacred liberty.

Hail to the vessels Ark and Dove,
Glad messengers of peace and love,
Bearing true hearts across the sea;
Hearts of religious liberty.

Dear Maryland, I love thy hills,
Thy winding rivers, tiny rills,
Thy mountains, bathed in glory grand,
A type of Prince Immanuel's Land.

My heart with fondest rapture thrills
When I survey thy plains and hills,
And thank my God forever more
That I reside on Maryland's shore.

'Tis here my childhood's hours were spent
In happiness and peace content,
To worship Him in paeans grand,
With freedom, truth, in Maryland.

Of all the lands in East or West
I love old Maryland State the best;
Her noble sons majestic stand—
The pride and glory of the land.

My visions of her deeds are bright;
Her sires and sons for truth and right
Dared, in the face of England's power,
To stand for right when storms did lower.

When in the evening time of life
Are hushed the busy cares and strife,
My thoughts shall turn to Maryland;
To me the grandest of the band.

To all the States I give my hand,
My heart I give to Maryland.
For her my prayers shall e'er ascend—
My home, my State, till time shall end.

And when my race on earth is run,
And slowly sinks life's setting sun,
Then lay my body down to rest
On Maryland soil, the grandest, best.

—*John Philemon Smith.*

MARYLAND'S PIONEER GOVERNOR.

Of the life and character of Leonard Calvert, historians have said but little. While there is no desire to detract from the unfading lustre which they have accorded to the Proprietaries of Maryland, truth and justice alike demand that of the pioneer Governor of the Province, and the founder of Saint Mary's, it should here be said that he, who left his native land to lead the pilgrim colonists to Maryland; he who faced the perils and dangers and stood the heat and fire of storm and battle, which so often darkened its early colonial days; he who first proclaimed and laid in practice those fundamental principles which underlie the priceless boon of liberty of conscience; he, who, with untiring energy, fidelity and zeal devoted the best

years of his life to the development and glory of Maryland, and to the prosperity and happiness of its citizens; he, whose undaunted courage, wise and liberal statesmanship, and mild and gentle government are so closely associated with the foundation, early growth and permanent establishment of Maryland, should stand upon the pages of history no less distinguished and renowned, as long as valiant service to early Maryland has an admirer or civil and religious liberty a friend.

—*James W. Thomas.*

LAND OF POCOMOKE.

The pungy boats at anchor swing,
  The long canoes were oystering,
And moving barges played the seine.
  Along the beaches of Tangiers;
I heard the British drums again
  As in their predatory years,
When Kedge's Straits the Tories swept,
  And Ross's camp-fires hid in smoke.
They plundered all the coasts except
  The camp the island Parson kept
For praying men of Pocomoke.

. . . . . .

The world in this old nook may peep,
  And think it listless and asleep;
But I have seen the world enough
  To think its grandeur something dull,
And here were men of sterling stuff,
  In their own era wonderful:
Young Luther Martin's wayward race,
  And William Winder's core of oak,
The lion heart of Samuel Chase,
  And great Decatur's royal face,
And Henry Wise of Pocomoke.

—*George Alfred Townsend.*

OLD MARYLAND FROM THE OCEAN.

And yonder at last is Maryland! The mysterious New World, long dreamed of, is now dawning upon our view under the slanting beams of the rising May sun. Before we retired to sleep last night in our sea cradle the captain promised a pleasant surprise to early risers, and just as the round orb of day is about to roll up out of the horizon of waters we are hurried on deck to take our first look at the scene of many hazy hopes and untried possibilities. Here we sit upon the prow of the brigantine and drop into silence, gazing upon the moving shores and feeling as only fleeing exiles can feel.

Slowly from the crest of breakers emerges the low coast. Long arrays of white hills chase one another to the north and the south like snowdrifts beyond the blue billows, but as we draw nearer and see the tumbling waves bursting into foam, their shining spray throws into dimmer shade the sunny sands. Beyond the hills we discover an interior sheet of placid waters lying in serene beauty between the beach and the main, expanding and contracting in graceful curves up and down the view. On the other side of this inner sound the eye is gladdened with the sight of green woodlands, their variegated hues contrasting pleasantly with the intervening sparkle of snow and silver, and by their repose of beauty resting the tired gaze from the incessant ocean-motion of days and weeks.

So, I am told, 182 years ago the great voyager, Sebastian Cabot, passed southward along the coast from Newfoundland, looking upon these same hills and the lands over yonder, gazing through the inlets

with curiosity sublime, then turning away his helm from the thirty-eighth parallel and carrying home to England the sure announcement of a new continent. The first European that ever beheld the white beaches of Maryland, the brave navigator was dreaming of the Indies and their spices and gold with all the romance of 1498; but he did not know how Jehovah's hand was at the helm preparing a refuge for the suffering and oppressed of the Old World in the years of great need.

Rev. L. P. Bowen, D. D.

IN MARYLAND.

Methinks the grass is always green,
In Maryland,
And matchless is each sylvan scene,
In Maryland;
The laughing rivers as they run
Thro' verdant vales to seas of sun
Are clear as crystal, every one,
In Maryland.

The rose a newer beauty gets,
In Maryland,
And bluer are the violets,
In Maryland;
Methinks the birds have sweeter lays,
The lassies more enticing ways,
And endless seem the summer days,
In Maryland.

The stars with brighter luster shine,
In Maryland,
The grapes are bluer on the vine,
In Maryland;
The everlasting mountains rise
With fairer peaks toward the skies,
And closer are the old home ties,
In Maryland.

The truest hearts doth throb and beat,
In Maryland,
And kinder are the friends you meet,
In Maryland;
Deep in the heart of every rose
The sentiments of love repose,
Unchilled by cold, unhurt by foes,
In Maryland.

There is a song in every brook,
In Maryland,
And beauty in each cosy nook,
In Maryland;
A hearty welcome greets you there,
With love and friendship in the air,
'Tis true you find it everywhere—
In Maryland.

—*T. C. Harbaugh.*

THE COUNTIES OF MARYLAND.

First, the colonists founded the city of St. Mary's; then the county of St. Mary's, with the hundreds division of an English shire. The reduction of Clayborne's trading-post and the peopling of Kent Island and the mainland adjacent made the second county. Calvert and Charles may be looked upon as growing out of St. Mary's. The Puritans from Virginia, seeking a new home and political expansion, settled Providence, on the Severn, brought about the formation of Anne Arundel, defeated Governor Stone and the Cavaliers who cried "Hey, for St. Mary's," on the banks of the Severn, and this was prominent among the series of events which fixed the capital of the State at Annapolis, and left the city of Leonard Calvert to sink into a memory. Troubles with the Susquehan-

nocks and with the Pennsylvanians made the peopling of the northern section of the State a political necessity, and Baltimore county, with its generous expanse of territory, was the outcome. The futile effort to establish the town of Joppa, and the seemingly accidental springing into life of Baltimore Town, destined from the beginning to become the metropolis of Maryland, should be noted. Prince George's embraced all the lands above and to the westward of its present location, and its old family names are now met with in Allegany, Frederick, Garrett and Washington. The two Revolutionary counties are named after the lamented soldier who fell under the walls of Quebec, and the greatest of Americans. Just before the Revolution Harford was taken from Baltimore and Caroline from Dorchester and Queen Anne's, while Allegany is contemporary with the constitutional government of the United States. The influx of settlers from above its northern boundary gave to Frederick the characteristic family nomenclature of southern Pennsylvania. Dutch and Swedes came into Cecil from the settlements on the Delaware, and Quakers from Pennsylvania; Virginia and English Puritans were among the earliest colonists in Talbot. The good Queen Anne, whose gifts of silver service are treasured in old Episcopal Churches, is not forgotten on either of the Shores. Williamstadt, in Talbot, was projected as the future chief city across the bay, counterpart of Annapolis. The counties below the Great Choptank came into existence when the tide of immigration began to flow upward from eastern Virginia. First Somerset, then Dorchester, and then Worcester, were carved out of this territory. A Worcester county might have existed in different shape but

for Hardwicke's decision of the Penn claim, and Cresap's boast, when led in chains to Philadelphia, that it was "the fairest city in all Maryland" had foundation in the territory defined in the Maryland charter. For nearly half a century Maryland had nineteen counties. Then Carroll was taken from Frederick and Baltimore, and fourteen years later Howard District of Anne Arundel became Howard County. Wicomico was formerly included in Somerset and Worcester, and Garrett in Allegany. The counties came into being in different modes. Wicomico and Howard were created by organic law; Montgomery and Washington were taken from Frederick on the same day by resolve of Convention. In colonial times counties were formed by Act of Assembly, as they have been since, or by act of the Proprietary. For years before the date frequently accepted as that of the organization of Kent, "Kent County" and the "Ile and County of Kent" are found in the records.

COMMERCE OF THE COLONY.

Trafique is Earth's great Atlas, that supports
The pay of Armies, and the heighth of Courts,
And makes Mechanicks live, that else would die
Meer starving Martyrs to their penury;
None but the Merchant of this thing can boast;
He, like the Bee, comes loaden from each Coast,
And to all Kingdoms, as within a Hive,
Stows up those riches that doth make them thrive:
Be thrifty, Mary-Land, keep what thou has in store,
And each year's Trafique to thyself get more.

—George Alsop.

INGLE: "PIRATE AND REBEL."

As to Ingle's having been a "rebel," the facts all point to his participation in the beginning of a rebellion, caused probably by those dissatisfied with Leonard Calvert's rule, more probably by the influence of William Claiborne, who in spite of condemnatory acts by the Maryland Assembly, and the vacillating measures of Charles I, insisted for many years upon his right to Kent Island. But rebellion is viewed in different ways: by those against whom it is made, with horror and detestation; by those who make it, with pride and oft times with devotion. If Ingle led on the rebellion, he was acting in Maryland only as Cromwell afterwards did on a larger scale in England, and as Bacon, the brave and the noble, did in Virginia, and to be placed in the category with many, who will be handed down to future generations as rebels, will be no discredit to the first Maryland rebel.

—*Edward Ingle.*

EARLY SPRING IN MARYLAND (1730).

At Length the wintry Horrors disappear
And April views with Smiles the infant year,
(The grateful Earth from frosty chains unbound,
Pours out its vernal treasures all around.
Her face bedeckt with Grass, with Buds the Trees are crowned)
In this soft Season, ere the dawn of Day,
I mount my horse and lonely take my way
From woody Hills that shade Patapsko's Head
In whose deep Vales he makes his stony bed,
From whence he rushes with resistless Force,
Tho' huge, rough rocks retard his rapid course.

Down to Annapolis on that smooth stream,
Which took from fair Anne Arundel its name,
And now the Star that ushers in the Day,
Begins to pale her ineffectual Ray,
The Moon, with blunted horns, now shines less bright,
Her fading face eclips'd with growing light;
The fleecy clouds with streaky lustre glow,
And Day quits Heav'n to view the Earth below.
O'er yon tall Pines, the Sun shows half his Face,
And fires their floating Foliage with his Rays;
Now sheds aslant on Earth his lightsome Beams,
That trembling shine in many colour'd streams;
Slow rising from the Marsh, the Mist recedes,
The Trees, emerging, rear their dewy Heads;
Their Dewy Heads, the Sun with pleasure views,
And brightens into pearls the pendent Dews.
The Beasts uprising quit their leafy Beds,
And to the cheerful Sun erect their Heads.

. . . . . .

Through sylvan scenes my journey I pursue
Ten thousand Beauties rising to my view;
Which kindle in my breast poetic Flame,
And bid me my Creator's praise proclaim.
Here various Flourets grace the teeming Plains,
Adorn'd by Nature's Hand with beauteous stains.
First born of Spring here the Pacone appears,
Whose golden Root a silver Blossom rears,
In spreading Tufts see there the Crowfoot blue,
On whose green leaves still shines the golden Dew;
Behold the Cinque-foil, with its dazzling Dye
Of flaming yellow, wounds the tender eye;
But there enclos'd the grassy wheat is seen
To heal the aching sight with cheerful Green.
In graceful rank there trees adorn the ground,
The Peach, the Plum, the Apple here are found,
Delicious fruits, which from their kernels rise,
So fruitful is the soil—so mild the skies.
The lowly Quince yon sloping Hill o'ershades,
Here lofty Cherry trees erect their Heads,

Evolving odours fill the ambient air,
The Birds delighted to the Grove repair,
On every Tree behold a tuneful Throng,
The vocal Valleys echo to their Song.

. . . . . .

And now the Clouds in black assemblage rise,
And dreary Darkness overspreads the Skies,
Thro' which the Sun strives to transmit his Beams,
But sheds his sickly Light in straggling Streams;
Hushed is the Music of the woodland choir,
Fore-knowing of the storm, the Birds retire
For Shelter, and forsake the shrubby Plains,
And a dumb Horror thro' the Forest reigns;
In that lone House which opens wide its Door,
Safe may I tarry till the Storm is o'er.

—*Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1732.

MARYLAND THE REFLEX OF ENGLAND.

Maryland itself was the reflex of England; indeed, so closely have the first settlers of this illustrious commonwealth clung to the spirit and principles of their English forefathers that it has been confidently asserted that the people of St. Mary's County, the seat of the settlement of Lord Baltimore's first colony in Maryland, today, after the lapse of nearly three centuries, are more like the people of England at the date of the settlement of St. Mary's than are the English people themselves. No branch of the history of Maryland, more than the records of court, reflects so distinctly the life and character of the people who settled "The Land of the Sanctuary." Here are the motives that animated the fathers who planted the cross on the shores of Maryland, and reclaimed the wilderness to civilization. Their cares,

their pleasures, their aims, their possessions, their provisions for their families, their deeds of valor, their petty disputes, their great endeavors—all stand out in the records of the courts, as faithful indices of character and conditions; for here tradition was sifted by the rules of critical proof and legal evidence, and the record was made by unprejudiced scribes, before a scrutinizing court, in the presence of adverse interests, zealous and watchful to have the docket state the truth only.

—*Elihu S. Riley.*

FAIR MARYLAND.

Your loyalty and valor,
An heritage for kings,
Mother land, fair Maryland,
A poet loves and sings.

The grandest truths are simple,
And in their grandest guise,
Are only simple lessons
Of wisdom to the wise.

Soldiers of dear Maryland,
In nature's bravest mould,
You wear the fame of princes,
Not bought with princes' gold.

Vain pomp and gilded titles
May win today's renown,
Yet noble thoughts and actions,
In weighing bear them down.

Wives, mothers, and fair daughters,
Good, beautiful, and true,
The earth has yielded laurels
And roses unto you.

God send you grace and wisdom
From His most regal throne,
Whose "love is love forever"
Whose peace is Peace alone.

—*Esmeralda Boyle* (?).

A LOFTY IDEAL.

He (George Calvert) died probably thinking his whole life was a long failure, but a grateful posterity has rescued his name from oblivion, and has placed his monument in the niche allowed to the immortals. His motto, on his coat-of-arms, well expressed the tenor of his life: "Womanly words, manly deeds"—fatti maschii, parole femine. In all his correspondence there runs a broad vein of kindliness, sympathy, energy and courage. Possessing a strong will and a sound judgment, he moved along quietly, doing his work thoroughly and conscientiously. His ambition was lofty, but it was legitimate; it did not carry him into intemperate zeal or into corrupt practices. Judging from the brief notice he has received from English historians, he occupied, in their estimation, but an unimportant place in the history of his times; but in America he will be long remembered for the impetus he gave to discoveries, to trade, and to the planting of colonies, and in Maryland his name will be continually remembered in honor and devotion, not only as the founder of the State, but as the first one to introduce in the New World a palatinate form of government, and a palatinate so wisely planned as to secure to each individual the fullest tolerance in religion and the greatest freedom in political and civil

life; a palatinate so constituted that the Catholic, the Protestant and the Quaker might each quietly enjoy his religion, and in the enjoyment of his religion be protected, tolerated; and, as an Englishman, be allowed civil, political and social rights and privileges, without distinction of party, class or creed. In his lofty ideal the founder of Maryland contemplated neither a great empire swayed by one political ruler, nor a great hierarchy controlled by one spiritual head, but a state founded upon the principles of justice, equality and liberty—a state established and built upon the basis of civil and common law, but guided and controlled by those principles of ecclesiastical polity that would meet the universal acceptance of all its citizens.

—Lewis H. Wilhelm.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

O, talk not to me of fair Italy's sky,
Of the soft perfumed gales that through Araby sigh;
I know there is not on this wide spreading earth
A land bright and free, as this land of my birth;
We have our mild zephyrs and bright, sunny beams,
Our fruits and our flowers, fair valleys and streams;
Thy rocks and thy mountains are lofty and grand,
And brave are thy children, my own native land.
If cowards and tyrants e'er seek to enchain,
And bring to the dust our proud spirits again,
Thy sons, still united, will rally for thee,
And die, as they've lived, the exalted and free.
O, had I the strength of my heart in my hand,
I'd fight for thy freedom, my own native land;
Amid thy oppressors undaunted I'd fly,
And fling forth our banner in triumph on high.

—Amelia B. Welby.

THE RISE OF ANNAPOLIS.

William Claiborne, of Virginia, a foremost figure in the early history of the English settlements having their origin on the James and the Potomac, had established a trading post on Kent Isle, when the colonists of Lord Baltimore sailed into the estuary of the Potomac and founded Maryland at St. Mary's City. A merchant adventurer, with qualities of the explorer and ruler, Claiborne soon became involved in a controversy with Baltimore, and the latter's colonists broke up his barter with the Indians, and dispersed his men in the first naval battle in the New World. St. Mary's, at the extreme end of the Western Shore Peninsula, became the first Maryland county, Kent the second and Anne Arundel the third. The settlements in St. Mary's and Kent had several years' growth before a finer site than either was known to Baltimore's followers, one destined by natural advantages and location to become and remain the capital of the Province and the State. Fifteen years passed ere the original Maryland settlers knew the beauties of the Severn and of the adjacent territory, and it was left for a band of Puritans, fleeing from contumely and rising oppression in Virginia, to plant upon the shores of that river a colony which was speedily to gain power and influence in Maryland. In the very year the Assembly at St. Mary's passed the famous "Toleration Act," whereby freedom of Christian belief and practice was upheld, ten families of Puritans from Nansemond, Virginia, sailed up the Chesapeake and into the mouth of the Severn and established themselves on Greenberry's Point, soon afterward locating

on the peninsular site of Annapolis. Calling their settlement Providence, the next year, 1650, the Puritans sent delegates to the Assembly at St. Mary's, one of whom was made Speaker of the House of Burgesses. That session an Act passed "erecting Providence into a county by the name of Annarundell County." With Edward Lloyd as commander and other officials, in 1650, Anne Arundel joined St. Mary's and Kent as a political division of the province. Immediately, it appears, antagonism which had before been manifest became acute, and on a question of conscience, touching the oath of allegiance to the Catholic Lord Baltimore, the Puritans refused to make the required acknowledgment, and to again send representatives to St. Mary's. The struggle between Puritan and Cavalier in England was to have its counterpart in Maryland, culminating in governmental changes and conflict, and in an armed meeting on the banks of the Severn. On Sunday, March 25, 1655, Lord Baltimore's governor, William Stone, with an army of 150 men from St. Mary's, was defeated and taken prisoner by the Puritans on the east side of Spa Creek (Horn Point). His force was dispersed, several of the captives executed and for a time the Puritans were in control of the colony. Three years later Lord Baltimore regained complete control of Maryland, the Cromwellian government was ousted, and Lord Baltimore's authority was formally acknowledged by the people of Providence. As time went by, for reasons of religion and on account of its inconvenient location, opposition to St. Mary's gathered and finally, in 1694, the capital was removed to Anne Arundel Town and its name was changed to Annapolis. A few years later

Annapolis is recorded as having about forty dwellings, a State House and a free school, built of brick, "which make a great show among a parcel of wooden houses, and the foundation of a church is laid, the only brick church in Maryland."

After being dignified with a city charter, the growth of Annapolis as the political and social center of the province was rapid. It became the chief port of Maryland. Tobacco, the staple crop of the province (and its currency) was exported in large quantities to Britain, and enriched the planters, many of whom soon had "town houses" in Annapolis. The Legislature, the courts, the races, at certain seasons of the year, drew to the city wealthy and fashionable Maryland families, and the Virginia landholders on the southern banks of the Potomac. "The provincial State House became better known as a ball room than a hall of legislation. French hair-dressers, tailors and perfumers plied their trades in the city, and Annapolis soon came to merit the name" of the Athens of America. It then lay on the high-road from the Southern colonies to New England, and travelers from abroad visited it. Some of these have left on record piquant glimpses of the city. Long before the American Revolution it was conspicuous as the seat of wealth and fashion; the luxurious habits, the elegant accomplishments and profuse hospitality of its inhabitants were proverbially known throughout the colony.

THE RIVERS OF MARYLAND.

How beautiful beneath the sun
The dazzling streams of Maryland run!
Their leaping waters laugh and shine
Where live the chestnut and the vine—
Where bloom the daisies pure and white
And mountains seek the stars of night.
Their tuneful names but lend them grace
As to the sea their course they trace.
Potomac, lordliest of all.
Slips singing by the mountain's wall;
Patapsco glides thro' glen and glade,
In haunts of sun and haunts of shade;
And where our heroes found release
From war Antietam sings of peace.
Close to the edge of Frederick Town
Monocacy goes tumbling down;
What name so tuneful in its flow
As that of the Wicomico?
And where Patuxent spreads her tides
Transcendent beauty e'er abides;
The Susquehanna from the North
In Chesapeake Bay her wealth pours forth,
The Bush and Severn ripple down
Past whirring mill and busy town,
Chanting the song of Maryland's worth,
The fairest state that blesses earth.
The Pocomoke and Manokin
Sunshine and shadow quiver in;
The Choptank gambols on its way,
Nor stops to rest by night or day,
And 'neath the softest summer sky
Doth flow the Chester and the Wye.
The Nanticoke is full of glee
And, with St. Michael's, seeks the sea,
While on the Eastern Shore serene
The Sassafras and Elk are seen;
The Miles, the West, the South, in play
Their waters lose in Chesapeake Bay:

The old Gunpowder slips along,
The Conococheague yet sings its song
To greet last Potomac's wave,
The river of the fair and brave;
But fair as any in its flow—
Now rapid, now a little slow—
Catoctin winds thro' field and wood
With music in its crystal flood.

These are the streams whose waters run
Thro' Maryland's shade and Maryland's sun,
Like jewels aglint in morning's light,
And 'neath the golden stars of night;
Forever may they carry down
The hum of city, field and town,
Forever may they chant their lays,
These fair and hist'ric waterways;
May flowers bloom and orchards grow
Where tunefully they gently flow,
To feed the mills on every hand
And bless the State of Maryland.

—T. C. Harbaugh.

SIR ROBERT EDEN, OF MARYLAND, BART.

On the evening of June 22, 1776, His Majesty's ship Fowey, Captain George Montague, arrived at Annapolis to carry away the last Proprietary Governor of Maryland. The Governor still appeared "easy and collected," and was "treated with every exterior mark of attention." On the 23d Montague notified Eden that he had arrived with a flag of truce and was ready to take him off. Eden at once boarded the ship. The Council of Safety, rejecting the advice of the more headstrong patriots to detain Eden, took an affectionate leave of him, after which he was conducted

to the barge with every mark of respect . . . . He was compelled to learn that Maryland had declared herself independent while he was still on Lord Dunmore's fleet. He was still in the Chesapeake as late as the end of July, nor do we know when he sailed thence. His last act of which we have record, before leaving America, was to use his influence to secure permission for one Daniel Wolstenholme, a non-associator, to go back to England. It was a characteristic kindly act of a kindly man. With it he vanishes out of our sight. Where he was or what he did in the next seven years is almost absolutely unknown. We catch one glimpse of him in a letter written by him to Walter Dulany, a fellow-exile from Maryland, from Bangor Place, on August 15, 1777. He tells Dulany that he expects to leave that place soon "on the Ramble for a fortnight, and then to Durham, and then to arrive in London again in the beginning of October." Whether he stayed in England and watched the progress of the war from afar, or came back in the company of his brother, Sir William Eden, later Lord Auckland, one of the commissioners of peace, I have been unable to discover.

Eden was esteemed in the province he governed because of his rare tact and ability. He continued to receive the same high esteem in England and soon found honors at home. Scarcely had he arrived in England when, on September 7, Lord George Germain informed him of "the King's entire approbation" of his conduct in his governorship and of his supporting his authority "under difficulties which were thought here to be insurmountable," as well as for "the judicious manner" in which Eden left his prov-

ince when his "staying there was no longer practicable." In addition to this formal approbation, as a reward for such faithful service, King George III created Robert Eden of Maryland a baronet. Eden at once replied to this letter, gratefully accepting the proffered honor and professing that "this favor can only add gratitude to zeal in my future endeavors to promote His Majesty's service, to the utmost of my abilities, on every occasion wherein His Majesty may think proper to employ me." From September 10, the official date of the creation, he and his heirs male were to bear the dignity of baronets.

Though we do not hear of Eden's activity during the next seven years, no sooner was the treaty of peace declared than he returned to Maryland in the endeavor to regain some of the property he left here. The last known act of Eden was the one which exposed him to some criticism, though probably without good cause. Certain incomplete patents for land were among the papers he left behind when he went to England in 1776. On his return the persons to whom they should have been issued asked for these patents to assure them in their title to their lands. He then filled out the documents by signing and sealing them. Some fifty or sixty such patents were presented to the Land Office for registry in January, 1784. The number of them excited inquiry, and, on examination, the ink was seen to be too fresh to have been put on the paper eight years before. It was claimed that Eden had a mistaken notion of his power or authority as Governor still subsisting. Some excitement was aroused and Eden was formally asked concerning the matter. He acknowledged the facts without hesita-

tion, denied that he claimed any authority, and said he was but paying a debt he owed when Governor, and the persons who received the patents conceived themselves entitled to have them, having acted on the supposition that he had signed them when Governor. This explanation seems to have been satisfactory, as we hear no more of the matter.

While in Maryland he sickened and died of a dropsy following upon a fever, on September 2, 1784, in the house now owned and occupied by the Sisters of Notre Dame, in Shipwright street, Annapolis. He was only forty-three years of age. He was buried in St. Margaret's Church, on the Severn. The church long since was burned, and in the cemetery there, in an unknown grave, lies that true gentleman, the last Provincial Governor of Maryland.

—Bernard C. Steiner.

DANIEL DULANY.

For many years, before the downfall of the Proprietary Government, he stood confessedly without a rival in this colony as a lawyer, and a scholar, and an orator; and we may safely regard the assertion that, in the high and varied accomplishments which constitute them, he had among these sons of Maryland but one equal and no superior. We admit that tradition is a magnifier, yet with regard to Mr. Dulany there is no room for illusion. "You may tell Hercules by his foot," says the proverb, and this truth is as just when applied to the proportions of the name

as those of the body. The legal arguments and opinions of Mr. Dulany that yet remain to us bear the impress of ability too commanding and of learning too profound to admit of question. Had we but these fragments, like the remainders of splendor which linger around some of the ruins of antiquity, they would be enough for admiration, and then fall very short of furnishing just conceptions of the character and accomplishments of his mind. We have attestations of these in the testimonies of contemporaries. For many years before the Revolution he was regarded as an oracle of the law. It was the constant practice of the courts of the Province to submit to his opinion every question of difficulty which came before them, and so infallible were his opinions considered that he who hoped to reverse them was regarded as "hoping against hope." Nor was his professional reputation limited to the colony. I have been credibly informed that he was occasionally consulted from England upon questions of magnitude, and that in the counties of Virginia adjacent to Maryland it was not infrequent to withdraw questions from their courts, and even from the Chancellor of England, to submit them to him afterwards. Thus, unrivaled in professional learning, according to the assertions of his contemporaries, he added to it all the power of an orator, the accomplishments of a scholar, graces of the person, the suavity of the gentleman. Mr. Pinkney himself, the wonder of his age, who saw but the setting splendor of Mr. Dulany's talents, is reported to have said of him that even amongst such men as Fox, Pitt and Sheridan, he had not found his superior.

—*John Vau Lear McMahon.*

SIR JOHN ST. CLAIR.

His name is lost save in a brook of water
That darkly plunges down a forest glen,
Like that lean army pioneered to slaughter,
Through lonely glades to horrible Duquesne;
But in the road he hewed across the mountains,
Where Braddock sleeps between his wagon wheels,
A living brook goes on from Eastern fountains,
No wars arrest, no killing frost congeals.

His was the skiff that hardily descended
The wild Potomac to the roaring falls;
His were the floats the soldiery befriended
To pass the torrent, under mountain walls;
His were the bridges over the Opequan
And the Antietam in the morn of time,
Crossed by a multitude no man can reckon,
To sceneries and destinies sublime.

Behind his axes formed the van of movement,
His picks and shovels were the conquering swords,
And in the rift of Light he ope'd, Improvement
Went single file through hidden savage hordes
Until the pack mules with their bells were merry,
Where rolling drums in vain inspired the fight
And sheep and shepherds tarried by the ferry
That drowned a host amidst the battle's fright.

High mettled Scot! thine is no glory hollow!
Shall we forget thee in our Westward Ho?
When thy canoe the laden barges follow,
And up thy path the steaming engines blow?
No; while the sky the Alleghany arches,
The good road builder's name shall be revealed;
Sir John St. Clair's victorious army marches
Above the army lost on Braddock's field.

—George Alfred Townsend.

FORT CUMBERLAND.

In the campaign of 1755, generally known as "Braddock's Expedition," Fort Cumberland was the most prominent point occupied on the line of march, and was the scene of important military preparations. It had been chosen as the rallying point for all the troops in the operations against the French on the Ohio River, its location being naturally advantageous for this purpose, although as a post for the frontier settlers farther east it was practically of little value. Situated, as it was, upon the very outskirts of civilization, surrounded by only a few hardy pioneers and trappers, it was a favorite place of resort for those friendly Indians who had peltries to barter for the baubles, clothes, ammunition, etc., which they found at the new Ohio Company's storehouse, and was at the same time well adapted as a place of rendezvous for such forces as might be designed for operations farther west. It was located in the very heart of the wilderness, with virgin forests all about it, and roads of the most inferior character reaching back to the settlements, nearly eighty miles away, while the single road leading to the West was scarcely worthy of being called such. In the organization of Braddock's forces, the supplying of his men and animals, and the events that followed until the close of the contest with the French, the scenes and incidents that transpired here rendered historic every foot of ground about the place, and invested it with interest which should lead to their careful preservation for the information and pleasure of future generations. Here the Father of our Country, the great Washington, obtained his earliest lessons

in the art of war, and for the first time beheld a body of regular troops systematically encamped; here he spent many weeks in the education of the camp and the drill, and familiarized himself with those duties which were to become so prominent a part of his future life, in the struggle his country was destined to embark in, to preserve its freedom and integrity.

—*William H. Lowdermilk.*

NED BRADDOCK.

(July 9, 1755.)

Said the Sword to the Ax, 'twixt the whacks and the hacks,
"Who's your bold Berserker, cleaving of tracks?
Hewing a highway through greenwood and glen,
Foot-free for cattle and heart-free for men?"
"Braddock of Fontenoy, stubborn and grim,
Carving a cross on the wilderness rim;
In his own doom building large for the Lord,
Steeple and State!" said the Ax to the Sword.

Said the Blade to the Ax, "And shall none say him Nay?
Never a broadsword to bar him the way?
Never a bush where a Huron may hide,
Or the shot of a Shawnee spit red on his side?"
Down the long trail from the Fort to the ford,
Naked and streaked, plunge a moccasin'd horde;
Huron and Wyandot, hot for the bout;
Shawnee and Ottawa, barring him out!

Red'ning the ridge, 'twixt a gorge and a gorge,
Bold to the sky, loom the ranks of St. George;
Braddock of Fontenoy, belted and horsed,
For a foe to be struck, and a pass to be forced.
'Twixt the pit and the crest, 'twixt the rocks and the grass,
Where the bush hides the foe, and the foe holds the pass,
Beaujeu and Pontiac, striving amain;
Huron and Wyandot, jeering the slain!

Beaujeu, bon camarade! Beaujeu the Gay!
Beaujeu and Death cast their blades in the fray.
Never a rifle that spared when it spoke,
Never a scalp-knife that balked in its stroke,
Till the red hillocks marked where the standards had danced,
And the Grenadiers gasped where their sabres had glanced.
But Braddock raged fierce in that storm by the ford,
And railed at his "curs" with the flat of his sword!

Said the Sword to the Ax, "Where's your Berserker now?
Lo! his bones mark a path for a countryman's cow,
And Beaujeu the Gay? Give him place, right or wrong,
In your tale of a camp or your stave of a song."
"But Braddock of Fontenoy, stubborn and grim,
Who but he carved a cross on the wilderness rim?
In his own doom building large for the Lord,
Steeple and State," said the Ax to the Sword.

—*John Williamson Palmer.*

THE RISE OF WESTERN MARYLAND.

The western frontier of Maryland advanced but little beyond the head of the tidewater until the sturdy German settlers, coming down through the valleys of the Blue Ridge, settled the fertile valleys of Frederick and Washington. With their arrival, about the year 1735, a new and most important era opened in Maryland's history. Previously there had been no doubt concerning her alliance with the South in her economic, social and political life. This new and alien influence tended to join the province closer to Pennsylvania, and, as Western Maryland became more and more populous, and as the city of Baltimore grew in commercial importance, largely through the influence of the same German settlers, there came to be

a doubt in the minds of geographers whether Maryland should be called a Middle or a Southern State. The life on the Western Maryland farms was far different from that on the plantations of the Chesapeake Bay, and the people of the latter had many economic, commercial and social ties with England, of which the Westerners knew nothing. After landing at Philadelphia the Germans passed down the fertile lands of Lancaster and York counties and settled all along the valleys as far as northern Georgia. So many of them came that in 1748 Western Maryland could be made a county under the name of Frederick. In this county was contained, down to the Revolution, all Maryland west of Baltimore, Anne Arundel and Prince George's counties. The county was not entirely inhabited by Germans. Scotch-Irish had also gathered there. Scions of some of the prominent Maryland families had followed Berkeley's star of empire to carve out new fortunes for themselves. Quakers of steady habits were dwelling in the eastern part of the region. But outside of the lower section, what is now Montgomery county, Frederick county in 1770 was predominantly German . . .

With a strong desire for freedom and with no social connection with Great Britain, they eagerly sprang forward at the call to resist the British commands. Few of them were Tories, and in all Western Maryland we find comparatively few who refused to sign the Association of the Freemen of Maryland and enroll themselves in the militia companies, unless they were Quakers, Mennonites or Dunkards, and so had religious scruples . . . The quiet mountain town (Frederick) and the rich country around it; the west-

ern settlements in the Alleghenies; the more level plains of Montgomery, saw no more of martial array or heard any more rumors of war for nearly eighty years. They had done nobly in their country's cause; they had been steadfast in the struggle for independence; they had believed in the triumph of the new nation, and they had their reward. In considering the history of a war we often think exclusively of the armies in the field and forget the people from whom the army was recruited, and by whose support it was maintained. But in whatever line of patriotic service we test the conduct of Western Maryland during the Revolution, the whole country has reason to be grateful for vigilant performance of duty.

—Bernard C. Steiner.

THE GLADES OF GARRETT.

The Highlands for their heather and Killarney for its braes—
For me the glades of Garrett when the golden buckwheat sways,
When songbirds fill the forests and the sheep upon the hills
Go with little bells that tinkle to the tinkling of the rills;
The golden glades of Garrett, where the hours are veiled in gleam
And the footsteps of the spirit walk in cloisters of the dream!
I've climbed the lovely summits, I have seen the blue mist lay
In the green lap of the mountains through the golden summer day;
I have seen it lift and lighten, I have seen it float and swing,
Like a veil that moves to dancing of the lithe, frail form of spring;
I've gazed down, wild with wonder, o'er the green glades at my feet,
Oh, the golden glades of Garrett, with the sheep bells tinkling sweet!

Buckwheat pastures, where the pirates of the blue, bee-litten main
Seek the cargoes of the blossoms in the sunny pollen rain;
Lordly plateaus, vast expanses, mountains grandly, greenly fair,
And the tonic and the balsam of the fragrant forest air—
Yes, the golden glades of Garrett are the Highlands' counterpart,
Only sweeter, only bluer in the warm love of our heart!

Lowing cattle, fairy meadows, fishing cascades, lost and found
In the shadow and the silence, in the tinkle and the sound;
White clouds stooping to the hilltops, pineclad peaks above the snow;
All the rapture, all the wonder, all the charm of it I know—
Know those golden glades of Garrett, where bright shuttles, ray by ray,
Weave the web of wonder-beauty where the green groves stretch away!

The Highlands for their heather and Killarney for its braes—
For me the glades of Garrett, where the golden buckwheat sways;
Where the rovers in the clover on their honeyed wings go by
And you step right off the verges of the green hills to the sky;
The golden glades of Garrett—in my heart of hearts they gleam,
And I hear the sheep bells tinkling to the tinkling of the stream!

—Folger McKinsey.

THE TEA TAX.

In the meantime, the clouds fast gathering on both sides of the Atlantic grew blacker and blacker still. I saw a great change in Annapolis. Men of affairs went about with grave faces, while gay and sober alike were touched by the spell. The Tory gentry, to be

sure, rattled about in their gilded mahogany coaches, in spite of jeers and sour looks. . . . Yes, that was the winter when the wise foresaw the inevitable, and the first sharp split occurred between men who had been brothers. The old order of things had plainly passed. The greater part of our gentry stood firm for America's rights, and they had behind them the best lawyers in America. After the lawyers came the small planters and most of the mechanics. The shopkeepers formed the backbone of King George's adherents; the Tory gentry, the clergy, and those holding office under the Proprietor made the rest. And it was all about tea, a word which since '67, had been steadily becoming the most vexed in the language. The East India Company had put forth a complaint. They had Heaven knows how many tons getting stale in London warehouses, all by reason of our stubbornness, and so it was enacted that all tea paying the small American tax should have a rebate of the English duties. That was truly a master-stroke, for Parliament to give it to us cheaper than it could be had at home! To cause His Majesty's government to lose revenues for the sake of being able to say they had caught and taxed us at last!

—*Winston Churchill.*

DEATH OR LIBERTY.

In seventeen hundred and seventy-four
The Peggy Stewart came
With a cargo of tea from over the sea,
And a tax in King George's name.
But the Maryland men had sternly said,
"We'll pay no tax, indeed,
On silk or brocade, or anything made,
So let King George take heed."

The farmers rode down in the light of day
To the town by the Severn's side,
And they summoned the knave, who had tried to brave
The people's decree and hide,
To come forthwith to Wind Mill Point,
To come with his torch alight,
To confess the blame, and to burn the shame
Of his deed, in all men's sight.
So the Peggy was burned to the water's edge.
Ah, that was a sight to see!
And the sturdy men rode home again,
Singing, "Death or Liberty."

—*L. Magruder Passano.*

BURNING OF THE "PEGGY STEWART."

Dr. Charles Alexander Warfield, of Anne Arundel county, who had a short time before obtained professional honors in the University of Pennsylvania, and had been appointed major of battalion in the Maryland militia, upon hearing of the arrival of the brig "Peggy Stewart" at Annapolis, loaded with tea, and which vessel belonged to Mr. Anthony Stewart, a Scotch merchant, put himself at the head of the Whig Club and marched to Annapolis with a determination to burn vessel and cargo.

When this party arrived opposite the State House Judge Chase met them and harangued them—he had been employed as a lawyer by Mr. Stewart. Dr. Warfield, finding that he was likely to make some impression upon the minds of his company, interrupted him by observing that Chase had by former patriotic speeches made to the Whig Club inflamed the whole country, and called upon the men to follow him and he would himself set fire to the vessel and cargo; but

it is stated upon the best authority that the Doctor carried in his hand the chunk of fire in company with Stewart, whom he made to kindle it. When the party first entered the city and were passing on they met Stewart, who was bold in opposition and threatened them with the vengeance of the King and his government, but his threats seemed only to increase their determination. They erected a gallows immediately in front of his house by way of intimidation, then gave him his choice either to swing by the halter or go with them on board and put fire to his own vessel. He chose the latter, and in a few moments the whole cargo, with the ship's tackle and apparel, were in flames. Shortly after this Mr. Stewart left the country. This act decided the course Maryland was to pursue and had an extensive influence upon public opinion. The writer of this was in company with Judge Chase and Dr. Warfield a few years before their death and heard them conversing upon the subject, when Mr. Chase remarked in a jocular manner: "If we had not succeeded, Doctor, in the Revolutionary contest, both of us would have been hung—you for burning the ship of tea, and I for declaring I owed no allegiance to the King and signing the Declaration of Independence."

Dr. Warfield, but a short time before he marched to the city of Annapolis to fire the tea, was parading his battalion in Anne Arundel county, in the vicinity of Mr. Carroll's residence, when he took upon himself the privilege of printing some labels with the following inscription: "Liberty and Independence, or death in pursuit of it," and placed one on the hat of each man in his company. Many of the older neigh-

bors who were present were struck with astonishment, and endeavored to persuade him to have them taken down, for the idea of independence at that time had entered the minds of but few men.

The venerable Mr. Carroll the elder rode up to the father of Dr. Charles Alexander Warfield and exclaimed: "My God, Mr. Warfield, what does your son Charles mean? Does he know that he has committed treason against his King and may be prosecuted for a rebel?"

The father replied, with much animation and patriotism: "We acknowledge no King; the King is a traitor to us, and a period has arrived when we must either tamely submit to be slaves or struggle gloriously for 'liberty and independence.' The King has become our enemy and we must be his. My son Charles knows what he is about. 'Liberty and Independence—or death in pursuit of it' is his motto, it is mine, and soon must be the sentiment of every man in this country."

—*Baltimore Patriot* (*1813*).

OUR MARYLAND STATE IS BEAUTIFUL.

Our Maryland State is beautiful,
Right beautiful, I ween;
Her mountain tops are tipped with gold,
Her valleys tinged with green;
Her sparkling streams, and rills that sport,
In sunshine and in shade,
Her verdant hills, green-carpeted,
Where oft in youth I've played.

Her blooming flowers are beautiful,
That open to the day,
And spread their perfume far and wide,
Along the sunny way.
Her vine clad hills, and sandy dells,
That bask in beauty's sheen;
Oh! Maryland State is beautiful
Wherever she is seen.
Our Maryland State was beautiful
When valiant men and true,
Spread their white sails and sought a home
Beyond the waters blue.
They found it 'neath the forest old,
'Mid wild and savage men,
Beside the ocean's sandy shore,
Within the mountain glen.
Our Maryland State was beautiful,
When vessels, Ark and Dove,
Sailed o'er the broad Atlantic Main,
With true hearts filled with love.
Through storm and tempest, sleet and rain,
They sailed across the sea,
Men of religious liberty,
Types of the brave and free.
Our Maryland State was beautiful
When men were not afraid
To fight the hateful "Stamp Act" Law
The King of England made;
When Major Warfield and his men,
Devoted, valiant, free,
Burned vessel Peggy Stewart, laden
With the obnoxious tea.
Down through Annapolis they rode,
No semblance of disguise;
Arrayed in no fantastic garb,
No mask concealed their eyes.
Their only Shibboleth that day
Was "Liberty or Death;"
Resolved that this their motto be
E'en to their latest breath.

Our Maryland State was beautiful
When Freedom first awoke
Its stirring notes of bugle call
To break old England's yoke.
Full armed, like Pallas, Maryland stood
Amid the deadly fight,
And man by man stood boldly up
And clinched their hands of might.
The struggle came, no cheek turned pale,
No heart unnerved with fear;
They grasped their swords more tightly then—
'Twas victory or a bier.
Long was the struggle, hard the fight,
But Liberty was won;
Oh! was not Maryland beautiful
Beneath Fair Freedom's sun?

—*John Philemon Smith.*

MARYLAND IN THE REVOLUTION.

The story of the Maryland Continental troops is the story of the Revolution. From the day that Thomas Johnson, in the Congress, nominated George Washington, his friend and fellow-patriot, to the command-in-chief of the American forces, until John Hanson presided over that body; from the appearance before leaguered Boston of the hunting shirts of Cresap's Western Maryland riflemen, first of Southern troops to arrive, until Tench Tilghman rode into Philadelphia with the news from Yorktown that Cornwallis had been taken, the statesmen of Maryland were conspicuous in the Congress, and the valor of Maryland had been proved on nearly every battlefield. Gist's "Four Hundred," sacrificed at Long Island to cover the re-

treat of the army; Richardson's and Griffith's repulse of the British at Harlem Heights; Rawlings' defense of Fort Washington and Smith's defense of Fort Mifflin; Ramsay's gallantry at Monmouth under the eye of Washington, whose immortal oath was resounding in the ears of Lee; Stewart in the attack on Stony Point; Bentalou in the streets of Savannah; Ford's fall at Hobkirk's Hill; Oldham in the assault on Augusta, and Benson in that at Ninety-Six—these are varying but alike instructive lessons of the deeds of the Maryland troops. Then there is the heroic figure of Howard, who made them the "Bayonets of the Revolution," and led them to the charge at Germantown, Camden, the Cowpens, Guilford Court House and Eutaw Springs; Smallwood, who fought where the battle was thickest as the ranking officer of the Line, and Williams, able in strategy as brave in action. Wilkinson brought to Congress the news of Burgoyne's surrender. Johnson, in the darkest days of the war, cheered the heart of Washington with ready response in person to calls for men and supplies; Chase, Paca, Stone and Carroll signed the Declaration of Independence, and the statesmen at home supplemented in council the work of the twenty thousand soldiers whom Maryland sent to fight in other States and die on other soil.

Nor is the good work of the State in the winning of independence her only share, great as that is, in the making of the nation. Not until the war had nearly closed were her Delegates empowered to subscribe to the Articles of Confederation, the delay in doing which, on account of the claims to the western lands, is a phase of her history and of that of the country with which an intimate acquaintance should be had. The

Maryland-Virginia Compact of 1785, in its aspect as a treaty between two sovereign States, and in its effect as hastening the abandonment of the "rope of sand" for the "more perfect union" of the Constitution, is conspicuous among the events which fixed the form of American government.

MARYLAND REVOLUTIONARY MONUMENT.

Dedicated October 19, 1901.

Why do the sons of long-departed sires
With reverent hands this votive column rear?
Is there mistrust that our memorial fires
May burn with lessening glow from year to year?

Do these compatriots of the famous Line
Need pillared shaft to immortalize their names?
Do deeds like theirs need added seal or sign?
Are they not Freedom's cherished sons, and Fame's?

Can we exalt in statelier degree,
As their renown we thus commemorate,
Men who transformed a parent colony
A sceptred province, to a sovereign State?

Can that bronze statue to the world repeat
With more impressive voice the story told
How they on bloody fields braved iron sleet,
Cast, as they were, in true heroic mould?

Can we forget who covered the retreat
And laid their offerings at Long Island's shrine?
Can we dismiss, while memory holds its seat,
Monmouth and Germantown and Brandywine?

Do tablets tint with brighter colorings
The spirit, in the struggle to be free,
Displayed at Camden, Cowpens, Eutaw Springs,
Or in the flush of Yorktown's victory?

Did not the great Commander often cheer
The sons of Maryland with heartiest praise?
Did not DeKalb, Pulaski, Greene, endear
Their names for crowning valor with its bays?

Surely they need not monumental pile
Who fought, bled, died for justice and for right;
Their names are graved with history's pointed style
In fadeless characters of living light.

But leal descendants, mindful of their debt,
Thus in the whirl and stress of modern life,
Speak to their countrymen, lest they forget
The why and wherefore of the eight years' strife.

Lest they forget, this shaft will tell with pride
How patriot sires the clarion call obeyed,
And life and fortune—all that these implied—
Upon the altar of their country laid.

'Twill show the grandeur of their sacrifice,
Their stake for glory or a soldier's grave;
Show that, whate'er the throw of fateful dice,
All that was theirs to give, they freely gave.

The claim of right divine to govern wrong
They left to sycophants who kissed the rod;
Theirs was the maxim that "resistance strong
To tyrants is obedience to God."

Their sons, since then, on many a hard-fought field
True to the lessons taught, the example set,
'Gainst shot and shell their breasts as firmly steeled,
'Gainst sabre thrust or charge of bayonet.

But let them, large the measure though they fill,
With grand achievements both on land and sea,
Not screen from view the unconquerable will
That sealed with blood our priceless liberty.

—*Charles Carroll Bombaugh.*

MONUMENT TO GENERAL SMALLWOOD.

General William Smallwood was the foremost military man of the Maryland Line. He threw his influence and fortune in a cause which made him a hero in the eyes of his fellow-men—a cause which became so vital in its important relation to every one in the colonies that upon its success they staked their lives, knowing well the responsibilities of their acts, and believing that they were fighting for that which would in time affect the future of the entire human race. Little did they dream that they lived in the most heroic age of man, and the most momentous period of American history, or that the tread of their soldiers and the voices of their statesmen would echo along the highway of Angle-Saxon civilization; for these men, although unconscious of it, had worked out the problem which no other age had accomplished.

William Smallwood was commissioned colonel of a Maryland regiment in 1776, brigadier-general in 1777, major-general in 1780 and was elected Governor of Maryland in 1785. History tells us that he was brave, generous and courteous; so good a citizen was he, so well were his excellent qualities known to his fellow-citizens, that for years he represented them in many movements for which the people of Maryland were noted. At an early age he was sent to England to be educated and in 1754, then about twenty-one years of age, he returned to America. An historical and official record reads that William Smallwood was a gallant and fearless soldier in the Revolutionary Army of the Maryland Line, commanding the Maryland forces, and came home after an eight years' struggle for American free-

dom covered with glory; was wounded at White Plains on October 14, 1778, and received by an act of Congress, October 14, 1780, a vote of thanks for bravery and good conduct at the battle of Camden, in South Carolina. He sheathed his sword only when the liberation of his fellow-citizens was assured. He had at all times the confidence of General Washington. Tradition tells us that he was frequently the guest of the first President, and on several occasions had him as a guest in this historic house which stands before us, and on the 14th day of February, 1792, he passed away, about sixty years of age.

This is but a brief sketch of the man whose grave we have marked today, who sleeps beneath this hill, almost overlooking the tomb of his beloved Washington, and whose memory we desire to honor, and in this act of unselfish patriotism, in bringing this stone to this quiet spot, far from the view of the busy world, we have not only done what we believe to be our duty as an organized body of descendants of the Revolutionary Army, but a tribute as well to the statesmen who were the architects of our glorious government . . . . Memorials like these shall speak with a silent tongue to the millions of Americans yet unborn, and when our dear country shall become so great and powerful, as it will, that it will obliterate the world's past achievements, the statesmen of the day will turn to the pages of the history of the American Revolution for inspiration, and upon altars like these renew their allegiance to the structure which gave life to liberty and to them an untarnished flag.

—*Albert Kimberly Hadel.*

THE MARYLAND LINE.

They faltered not, although the tide
Of battle rolled around them,
Their comrades fell, their comrades died,
The foe could not confound them;
The day was lost, but still they stood
Unwhipped, those fearless yeomen,
And, sprinkled with their brothers' blood,
Defied the English foemen.

They did not leave the fatal field
Till gallant Stirling bade them,
They knew not what it was to yield—
Heroic God had made them;
The scarlet-coated warrior band
In vain against them thundered
And Washington and Maryland
At their devotion wondered.

Behind them lay their native hills
In summer's garb of beauty,
Behind them rippled Maryland's rills,
To die for her was duty;
And not a man that glorious day
Amid the fire infernal,
But stood a Spartan in the fray
And glory gained eternal.

Let Maryland treasure in her heart
Her own immortal yeomen,
Each gallant son performed his part
And bravely met the foemen;
Their bones are dust where once they stood
In riven regimentals,
And saved the army by their blood—
Those grand old Continentals.

They honored thee, O cherished State,
For liberty they battled,
Against them rolled the tide of fate,
Around the cold lead rattled;
A century hath crowned their band
With deathless wreaths of glory,
These are the heroes, Maryland,
Who live fore'er in story.

—T. C. Harbaugh.

THE BATTLE HEROES OF MARYLAND.

The despotism of Egypt touches the sands of the Nile and the Pyramids rise in majestic grandeur to heaven, a hecatomb for mummies. The patriotism of Maryland slept a century among the blessings of free government before it thinks of recording the virtues of these authors of greatness.

The genius of Thorwaldsen has been envoked and the Lion of Lucerne springs from the everlasting rock to commemorate forever the bravery and devotion to duty of the hireling Swiss guard of Louis XVI, but the grave of Michael Cresap, who, with Thomas Price, marched the first companies from the South to Boston in a war for independence, is unmarked and neglected, and his memory is fading into the echoless silence of the past.

The fame of the military genius who waded through the blood of thousands to absolute power, and whose ambitions unsettled the political balance of the world, has been made imperishable by the Column Vendome and the Arch of Triumph, and his ashes lie enshrined in a princely tomb on the banks of the Seine; while the grave of Moses Rawlings, the patriot soldier, the hero of Fort Washington, lies hidden by the weeds on the banks of the Potomac, and the ashes of Gunby and Price, of Griffith and Ford, repose beneath no public emblem of man's remembrance.

A marble column rises from the heart of Baltimore to greet the morning sun with continual tidings of the savior of his country, Virginia's immortal son, and yet the memories of Howard and of Williams and

of Gist and of Richardson lie rapt in the silence of an hundred years in the bosom of the State they loved so well.

The charge of the six hundred at Balaklava, in a war for conquest, has been renewed in song and story, with naught to commend its reckless bravery but obedience to military orders, while the six charges of the Maryland four hundred, under the intrepid Gist, against four thousand veteran British troops, under Lord Cornwallis, at the battle of Long Island, in a war for man's political redemption, has not inspired the poet until now, or raised a monument to their memory.

Must we be reminded that the Frederick County Court of Maryland first had the courage, eleven years before the Declaration of Independence, to disregard the stamp act? That before a hostile foot had pressed her soil the sons of Maryland flew to arms at the trumpet call of New York's oppression—not to defend their own homes, not to protect their own families, but to assist a sister colony in maintaining with their blood the principles of free government?

Must we again be told that the old Maryland Line under Griffith and Price was the first to drive the serried ranks of England from the Heights of Harlem at the point of the bayonet and that they bore the brunt of every fight thenceforth to Valley Forge?

Must the generous haste with which her sons responded to the call of the conquered Carolinas be recounted, and how from Camden to Eutaw Springs, through Guilford Court House, Hobkirk's Hill and Cowpens, with a determined courage born of patriotic conviction, with an impetuous valor inspired by its responsibility to the future of mankind, the Maryland

Line, the Tenth Legion of Greene's army, the Old Guard of the Continental forces, dashed with Morgan through the veterans of the daring Tarleton and with Howard through the Irish Buffs of the gallant Webster and drove them at the point of the bayonet in panic from the field?

To keep green the memories of the men who by such persistent courage planted the foremost milestone in the path of the progress of civilization and to perpetuate their fame to the most remote posterity is this monument erected. By it will every Maryland hero of the Revolution be remembered. However humble, however great, whether as a private in the blackness of the night on some distant picket line all alone he fell or in the mad crush of battle as the general at the head of his victorious army at the very pinnacle of fame he died, whether his grave be unknown and marked only by the modest daisy of the mountain or be the Mecca of a nation's gratitude and marked by some grand sarcophagus of the nation's woe, this worthy shaft will rise from Long Island's soil to attest Maryland's devotion to the principles for which they bled and to bespeak her tenacious affection for her unforgotten dead.

Not because, like the cohorts of imperial Caesar, they fought to bring all nations at the feet of Rome; not because, like the legions of the great Napoleon, they followed in blind idolatry the ambitious leadership of an invincible chief to win his approving smile and to wear the cross of the Legion of Honor; not because to gratify a nation's greed for territory they stood like England's perfect ranks, with unshaken discipline to subjugate and acquire other lands; not be-

cause they fought and died for plunder, conquest or the simple love of glory would we carve their names on endurable stone or emblazon their virtues upon everlasting brass, but because as the soldiers of this nation, the consummation and concentration of all the political wisdom of the ages, they fought to give it life, because as the champion of a newer and more enlightened progress they bled to render possible the fulfillment of the New World's destiny, because as the exponents of civil liberty they died to teach the great lesson of humanity to which the civilization of the centuries had been struggling that all men are and of right should be free and equal before the laws.

To accomplish such results the bridegroom left the bride of an hour with a hurried embrace to join the Maryland Line. This is why the son, with all the ardent patriotism of youth, left with an affectionate farewell his aged parents and hurried to the front, never to return; this is why the Maryland mother, her patriotism and courage rising between her heart-wrung sighs and dread forebodings, buckled to the side of her first born the sword of his fathers, and, with the last lingering kiss of a mother's ineffable love upon his boyish brow, dedicated in life and in death, if need be, her only son to the cause of his country.

It was not for plunder that Cresap, Price and Rawlings marched from their quiet homes in Maryland through 600 miles of forest to join Northern brethren in the siege of Boston and the defense of Fort Washington.

It was not to gratify some towering political ambition that Howard and Williams, Griffith, Gist and Smallwood bled.

It was not for purposes so base as these that hundreds of Maryland's sons laid down their lives among the green hills of the North and the fair savannahs of the South—a willing sacrifice upon the altar of the country's liberty, and their martyr souls winged their flight to the battlements of Heaven.

They bled that the world's progress in the humanization of man might not cease. They died to add another link in the chain of that divine plan, which, in the history of nations, can so plainly be seen working out the higher civilization and the ultimate political redemption of mankind. This is the cause for which they fought. These are the results of their courage, their self-sacrifice and their unflinching patriotism. All honor, then, to the Maryland heroes of the war for man's freedom. They belong to no age; they fulfilled the promise of the past and inspired hope for the future. They belong to no nation; they opened the way to political enfranchisement to all men.

—George A. Pearre.

THE MARYLAND DEAD.

The daisy was red on that August day,
The buttercup yellow was stained with blood;
Their young lives went out in that dreadful fray,
As fought by the side of tide at the flood.

The daisy today is snowy white,
The buttercup yellow is bright as gold,
But the song and story of that fearful fight
For long, long ages will still be told;
And not till our country has passed away
Shall be forgotten that August day.

—Frank Squier.

THE MARYLAND BATTALION.

Spruce Macaronis, and pretty to see,
Tidy and dapper and gallant were we;
Blooded, fine gentlemen, proper and tall,
Bold in a fox hunt and gay at a ball;
Prancing soldados so martial and bluff,
Billets for bullets, in scarlet and buff—
But our cockades were clasped with a mother's low prayer,
And the sweethearts that braided the sword-knots were fair.

There was a grummer of drums humming hoarse in the hills,
And the bugle sang fanfaron down by the mills;
By Flatbush the bagpipes were droning amain,
And keen cracked the rifles in Martense's lane;
For the Hessians were flecking the hedges with red,
And the grenadiers' tramp marked the roll of the dead.

Three to one, flank and rear, flashed the files of St. George,
The fierce gleam of their steel as the glow of a forge.
The brutal boom-boom of their swart cannoneers
Was sweet music compared with the taunt of their cheers—
For the brunt of their onset, our crippled array,
And the light of God's leading gone out in the fray!

Oh, the rout on the left and the tug on the right!
The mad plunge of the charge and the wreck of the flight!
When the cohorts of Grant held stout Stirling at strain,
And the mongrels of Hesse went tearing the slain;
When at Freek's mill the fumes and the sluices ran red,
And the dead choked the dike and the marsh choked the dead!

"O Stirling, good Stirling! how long must we wait?
Shall the shout of your trumpet unleash us too late?
Have you never a dash for brave Mordecai Gist,
With his heart in his throat and his blade in his fist?
Are we good for no more than to prance in a ball,
When the drums beat the charge and the clarions call?"

Tralara! Tralara! Now praise we the Lord
For the clang of His call and the flash of His sword;
Tralara! Tralara! Now forward to die;
For the banner, hurrah! and for sweethearts, good-by!
"Four hundred wild lads!" Maybe so, I'll be bound
'Twill be easy to count us, face up, on the ground.
If we hold the road open, tho' death take the toll,
We'll be missed on parade when the States call the roll—
When the flags meet in peace and the guns are at rest,
And fair Freedom is singing Sweet Home in the West.

— *John Williamson Palmer.*

GOVERNOR TOM JOHNSON.

In a storied burial ground in Frederick, "in his narrow bed," sleeps one whose name never fails to stir the heart of the old Marylander with lively emotions of admiration and affection—Governor Tom Johnson, that audacious and stubborn patriot, of whom John Adams said that he was one of four citizens of Maryland and Virginia "without whom there would have been no Revolution;" although in affected scorn of him a British officer, writing to his people at home, had assured them "there is no need to be alarmed by all this noise in the Colonies, which is mainly made by a boy named Tom Johnson."

"That pestilent Rebel" of the British War Office was the trusty, loving friend of Washington, whom he nominated to be commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United Colonies; member of the first Congress, and of the convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States; first Governor of Maryland, and an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and he was twice urged to accept the port-

folio of Secretary of State. He was, in his day, the first citizen of Maryland, and in all the Colonies the Revolution disclosed no wiser, stronger, sweeter character than his, who joined the fortitude of the warrior with the foresight of the statesman in the temperament of an eager, dauntless boy.

—John Williamson Palmer.

ON FLAG DAY.

Our flag today waves on the breeze
Countless as boughs on the forest trees,
O'er prairies rich with golden grain
O'er stream and sail, o'er peaceful main,
O'er cities fair with happy throng,
O'er cannon with their thunder song,
It waves on high o'er school and home,
As proudly as o'er stately dome.

Above its folds doth glory cling,
Like blossoms on the breast of Spring,
Its tints, born of the jeweled morn,
When Day treads in the steps of Dawn,
Were woven there by patriot hand,
When cries for freedom rent the land,
They bathed its stripes in blood and tears,
And rose triumphant o'er their fears.

See! all its stars are priceless gems,
The brightest in Time's diadems,
And as the fleeting years go by,
It borrows others from the sky
To set them in its field of blue—
Blest union of the brave and true!
And ne'er shall one bright star go down,
While Valor doth brave Justice crown.

—Edwin Higgins.

TENCH TILGHMAN'S RIDE.

Matthew Tilghman, the patriarch of the infant commonwealth, with rare wisdom, fortitude and courage, guided the counsels of the State, while Colonel Tench Tilghman illustrated the chivalry which had defied the King's taxgatherers in the person of George Talbot and on every battlefield, from Long Island to Yorktown, proved his devotion to the liberties inherited from a long line of illustrious ancestors. He was military secretary and aid to Washington, and on the surrender of Cornwallis, October 19, 1781, was selected by Washington to carry his official dispatch to the Congress at Philadelphia, announcing that glorious and all-important event.

Taking boat in York river, he lost one night aground on Tangier shoals. On reaching Annapolis he found that a dispatch from the Count de Grasse, dated on the eighteenth, to Governor Thomas Sim Lee, had reached there a day ahead of him and been forwarded to Philadelphia. Without stopping he pushed on across the bay to Kent, having lost a whole day in a calm between Annapolis and Rock Hall. From there to Philadelphia is about eighty miles as the crow flies. De Grasse's courier had passed through the country a day ahead. The people were on tiptoe to hear the news from York. Their hearts stopped as they imagined they heard the great guns of the English and the French booming over the waters in the still night. All looked with wistful eyes to the South for some sign of the issue of the weary struggle.

It was the supreme effort of American liberty. It was the very crisis of freedom. But the flower of

Maryland was in that fight, and the lower counties on the Delaware had sent their bravest and best to back their brethren of the Eastern Shore. One of the miracles of history, attested time and again by indisputable evidence, is that when the minds of a whole people are at white heat of excitement and expectation, knowledge comes to them independent of the senses. The Greeks believed that the great god, Pan, spread the knowledge of victory or defeat in Athens at the time of their occurrence, hundreds of miles away. The result of the battle of Platae was known the day it was fought, and the news of Thermopylae spread over Greece through the silent chambers of the air carried by arrows of light. The victory of Pharsalia was known in Rome at the time it occurred, and the events of Waterloo were discussed on the London Stock Exchange before it adjourned on the eighteenth of June; and I, myself, in June, 1863, heard the attack of Ewell on Milroy and the result detailed in Richmond, one hundred and fifty miles away from Winchester, where the battle took place, on the Sunday afternoon on which it occurred. There were no telegrams or possible means of communication.

So when Tench Tilghman landed at Rock Hall, for his hundred miles' ride through the country, he found the hearts and minds of men and women aglow with a divine frenzy. They felt what had occurred without knowing it, and were wild for confirmation of knowledge. Up through Kent, without drawing rein, this solitary horseman sped his way. When his horse began to fail he turned to his nearest kinsman—for they were mostly of the same blood—and riding up to the lonely farmhouse would shout, "Cornwallis is

taken; a fresh horse for the Congress!" and in a minute he would be remounted and pushing on in a free gallop. All the night of the 22d he rode up the peninsula, not a sound disturbing the silence of the darkness except the beat of his horse's hoofs. Every three or four hours he would ride up to a lonely homestead, still and quiet and dark in the first slumbers of the night, and thunder on the door with his sword: "Cornwallis is taken; a fresh horse for the Congress!" Like an electric shock the house would flash with an instant light and echo with the pattering feet of women, and before a dozen greetings could be exchanged, and but a word given of the fate of the loved ones at York, Tilghman would vanish in the gloom, leaving a trail of glory and of joy behind him. So he sped through Kent, across the head of Sassafras, through Christiana, by Wilmington, straight on to Philadelphia. The tocsin and the slogan of his news spread like fire in dry grass, and left behind him a broad blaze of delirium and joy.

"Cornwallis is taken!" passed from mouth to mouth, flew through the air, was wafted on the autumn breeze, shone with the sunlight. "Cornwallis is taken! Liberty is won! Peace is come! Once more husbands, fathers, sons, lovers shall return to the hearts that gave them to the cause! Once more shall joy set on every hearth and happiness shine over every rooftree!" When or where in all the tide of time has such a message been carried to such a people?

Liberty with justice!

Peace with honor!

Victory with glory! Liberty, peace, victory, honor and glory now and forever, one and inseparable!

These were the tidings that Tench Tilghman bore when he rode into Philadelphia at midnight of the 23d, four days from the army of York. The dispatch from De Grasse had been received, but the Congress and the people waited for Washington. Nothing was true but tidings from him. Rousing the President of Congress—McKean—Tilghman delivered his dispatch to him, and the news was instantly made public. The watchmen as they went their rounds cried: "Twelve o'clock, all is well, and Cornwallis is taken!" In a minute the whole city was wild; lights flashed in every window; men, women and children poured into the streets. The State House bell rang out its peal of "Liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof!" And thirteen sovereign and independent States were proclaimed to the world.

—*Bradley Tyler Johnson.*

THE MARYLAND LINE.

We are proud of the grand Old Line,
That back through a hundred years,
Strove with the foe from Britain's Isle,
With its life, and blood, and tears.

We are proud of the brave Young Line,
That gave to a stainless name
The noble deeds of a daring cause
To glow in the lists of fame.

March on in the path of the Old.
March out to the unborn years,
We pledge your troth in a nation's need
With a woman's faith and tears.

—*Esmeralda Boyle* (?).

WASHINGTON AND MONTGOMERY.

In the Convention of 1775, for the ease and convenience of the people, it was resolved that the county of Frederick should be divided into three districts—upper, middle and lower—the lower district now constituting Montgomery county. By contemporaneous resolves on the sixth day of September, 1776, the upper and lower districts were erected into counties, the former to be called Washington and the latter Montgomery. Par nobile fratrum. Immortal names! twin stars in the galaxy of heroes, now glowing with the blazon of victory; but what meant those names when they were first enrolled in the catalogue of Maryland counties? Washington! with a price upon his head, weeping at the carnage of the Maryland Line on the heights of Brooklyn. Montgomery! filling a hero's grave on the plains of Quebec. These names (the first republican in the roll of counties) were pledges to the cause of liberty; that as the one had given his life to his adopted country and the other daily proffered himself, his fortune and his sacred honor as a willing sacrifice, so the Convention dedicated its territory, its sons and their estates to the defence of their rights and liberties.

—*Richard J. Bowie.*

BIRTH OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

It is worthy to note, that this event occurred but sixty-two days after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence and presented the opportunity then immediately embraced by our immediate forefathers

of this country, to draw a broad and distinct line between royalty and republicanism, and thereby to proclaim to the world, that the separation was final and forever. Hence the name of Montgomery after that gallant soldier, General Richard Montgomery, who, on the last day of the preceding year, 1775, yielded up his life in the heroic attempt to rescue the Canadas from the dominion of Great Britain, and win them to the struggling cause of self-government in the American Colonies. No longer do we find our towns and counties, as of old, named after princes, and lords, and dukes; but on the contrary, simple and illustrious republican names are adopted in their stead, as Washington and Montgomery—one in spirit, in heroism and patriotism, like twin sisters, born on the same day and of the same parent, they will forever mark a new era, a new history and a new form of government in the State of Maryland.

—*A. B. Davis.*

THE OLD SENATE CHAMBER.

When Edwin Warfield was Governor, dear,
They brought the past to this chamber here;
Stained and sweet with the old perfume
Of vanished relics, they filled the room
With desks and chairs and the old-time things
They had gathered up from the buried springs
Of yesteryears that were quaint with charm
Of courtly revel and war's alarm;
And so we are sitting as they sat then—
The brocade dames and the gentlemen!

'Twas here the Chief of the Nation stood,
In his lofty spirit and somber mood,
With sword unbuckled and trembling hand,
To tender the seal of his great command.
Rapt and tragic and touched with tears,
That golden epoch of deathless years
Shines in shadows that flutter by,
And hearts still tremble and lips still sigh
To see that figure of dauntless grace,
And the high, sweet calm of his hero face!
The Lady Washington sat that day
Here where the shadows around us play;
And the Governor leaned, with his hand on chin,
And the daughters of Carroll had just come in—
Ah, silent moment, when hearts were heard
A-beat, beat, beat at his every word,
And they in the seats of the gallery wept,
And the colors gleamed where the sunlight crept,
As far in the deep, sweet heart of the time
The love for a soldier had grown sublime.
It does not seem 'twas so long ago,
As we sit and dream where the shadows flow;
And I feel they will and I think they must
Come back again from the tender dust,
There on the gallery rail to lean,
The stately dames in their bombazine,
And the old poke bonnets, the sweet side curls,
And the velvet cheeks of the younger girls;
And here on the benches, adrift in dream,
The men of the days of the old regime!
Ah, listen, child, to the speakers now,
In the velvet breeks, with the courtly bow,
The powdered wigs; and the ladies there
With the lavender ribbons upon their hair,
The quaint old bonnets, the lace and all,
And the reticule and the pink crepe shawl;
Smiling now at the gentry fine
Whose silver buckles and garters shine,
While they half attend to the work of state
And half to the blue eyes of their fate!

It all comes back while we're resting here
Under the huge old chandelier;
The backlog glows in the chimney place.
And over the Severn the hounds a-chase
Echo their yelp till it rings and calls
To the shadow hearts in these shadow halls,
And one by one to their steeds they fly—
For the lure is sweet when the foxhounds cry,
And the evening comes, and the bright lights glance
Where the old Assembly begins its dance!
To twine the past with the present, sweet,
The gallery there, with its straight-back seat;
The benches here, and the green baize door,
Were brought from the dust of the days of yore;
And the ghosts came, too, of those other days,
And the sacred shadows from St. Ann's ways!
Ah, see how friendly they come and go
As we sit and dream where the fancies flow!
And oh, how gentle their touch is, dear,
As they lean and smile in the chamber here!

—*Folger McKinsey.*

WASHINGTON SURRENDERS HIS COMMISSION.

This memory-haunted room (the old Senate Chamber at Annapolis) is once more in appearance, save as to furniture, precisely as it was on the day when George Washington, soldier and gentleman, gave final account of his glorious work for our native land. What should be housed in that memorable room? Only those things or their fac-similes, equal in number, which then were there—the Washington-Lafayette-Tilghman picture and copies of the resignation speech and the reply of Mifflin, President of the United States in Congress assembled, and a small likeness of the Trumbull picture of "Washington Resigning

His Commission." In the two rooms beyond is ample and proper space for any other historic relics.

So shall it be easier for the pilgrim to this shrine of unselfish duty to enkindle in his own soul that sacred fire which animated the simple and undaunted gentleman, George Washington. May each such pilgrim come near with the knowledge told in these clear words of a contemporary account of the august and simple ceremonial of the resignation scene:

According to order, His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief was admitted to a public audience of Congress, and, being seated, the President, after a pause, informed him that the United States assembled were ready to receive his communication. Whereupon he arose and spoke as follows:

Mr. President—The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I present myself before Congress to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country. Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, I resign the appointment I accepted with diffidence, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the nation and the patronage of Heaven. I close this last act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping. Having finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of the employments of my public life.

To which the President replied:

Sir—Having defended the standard of liberty in the New World; having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict and those who feel oppression, you retire with the blessings of your fellow-citizens, though the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command, but will descend to remotest ages.

There will never be a shrine more sacred to the virtues of a patriotic gentleman than yonder old Senate Chamber in Annapolis. Since that memorable twenty-third of December, 1783, it has been redolent of the fine flavor of the highest patriotic character that has ever flowered amongst Angle-Saxon men. To the recipient soul Washington at his best is ever present there.

And that the visitor, seeing again about him the surroundings of that memorable resignation day may easily drink in the fertile suggestions of the deathless and magnificent and unsullied deed of simple grandeur there performed, is something full worthy for the gracious and impassioned conservatism of our native Maryland to have achieved.

—*DeCourcy W. Thom.*

THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON.

On Fame's proud summit, there it glows,
All glittering in its pride;
The honored steel that clung in war
Close to the hero's side.

Thrice honored still, the proudest blade
That warrior ever drew;
In Virtue's name 'twas sanctified
To Virtue ever true.

It rose the Revolution's light,
A glowing, burning star;
And rayed its lustre far above
The stormy tide of war.

From Bunker's hill to Yorktown's heights,
A fearful flame it spread;
And Freedom's phalanx, firmly joined,
To victory it led.

. . . . . .

Proud steel! the warrior hand that drew
Thee, shining from thy sheath,
Baptized thy edge in Freedom's fane
For Liberty or Death.

The warrior soul that gave thee fame,
At Freedom's altar caught
The hallowed zeal that bore him through
The storms with perils fraught.

Star of the brave, the storm is past,
And Freedom, now at ease,
Looks on thee, and the flag that floats
In triumph on the breeze.

—*Rev. John N. McJilton, D. D.*

THE SPIRIT OF MARYLAND IN 1794.

When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land—
And guardian angels sung the strain;
"Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
For Britons never shall be slaves."

'Twas thus, when rival nations strove,
Ere Freedom's sacred name was known,
That, ardent with their country's love,
And claiming Ocean as their own,
They sung "Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never shall be slaves."

But wherefore Britons rule the waves;
  Why grasp the wide, extended sea;
Must all the world, beside, be slaves,
  That only Britons may be free?
Hence, then, Britannia no more shall rule the waves
Nor see the nations round her slaves.

On every coast, on every shore,
  The bounteous sea her treasure spreads,
To countless millions wafts her store,
  Nor tribute pays to crowned Heads;
Hence, then, let Britannia no longer rule the waves,
Nor seek to make thy equals slaves.

For see! Columbia's sons arise;
  Firm, independent, bold and free;
They, too, shall seize the glorious prize,
  And share the Empire of the sea.
Hence, then, let freemen, let freemen rule the waves
And those who yield them still be slaves.

This glorious day which still shall live
  Illustrious, in the book of fame;
This day revolving, still shall give
  A kindling spark of freedom's flame.
And we, as freemen, we'll use, not rule the waves,
Nor own a power to make us slaves.

And still on this auspicious day,
  Like friends and brethren, let us join
In concert tune the festive lay,
  Sacred to Liberty, divine,
Which still will guard us in land and on the waves,
Determined never to be slaves.

Nor on this day let memory fail
  To celebrate each Hero slain;
With Patriot tears their fate bewail,
  Who died our freedom to obtain.
Which may we cherish in land and on the waves,
Nor change from freemen to be slaves.

But chiefly him whose faithful toils
Led us to Liberty and Peace,
On whom America still smiles
With gratitude that ne'er shall cease.
Long may the Hero live, who still his country saves,
Nor ever let him see us slaves.

—*William Kilty.*

TO THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

In stately majesty thy shaft aspires
To hold companionship with cloud and sky,
And wins the blush of morning's early fires,
And the last glances of the day-god's eye,
When on the horizon fades the purple dye
In hues of glory to the light clouds given;
How like thy patriot's own sublimity,
Thou risest in the atmosphere of even,
Above the lowly earth to lose thyself in heaven.

Oppression has not wrested from the hands
Of poverty a boon to royal pride;
War has not garnered up from wasted lands
Her spoils where carnage swept in purple tide,
For servile hands to rear a pile to hide
Ambition's end—or gild a hero's name;
Thou art the gift of freemen far and wide,
By freemen reared—made sacred by his fame,
As altars sanctify their offerings by their flame.

The mausoleum's pile—the pyramid
With its broad base outlives the names of kings
Who vainly hoped beneath the rocky lid
To escape the blighting of Oblivion's wings—
Thine is the fame, oh! Washington, which springs
From godlike deeds—thy name in every clime,
Graved on the heart, when age revolving brings
The adamant to dust, throughout all time,
Shall freedom's watchword be—eternal and sublime.

Thy glory was immaculate of guilt—
Thy greatness was a blessing to mankind—
The blood which thy victorious falchion spilt
Flowed not to tamper an ambitious mind,
But in libations fell for liberty designed;
And when the olive bound the laurel bough,
The camp was for the senate hall resigned;
There truth and wisdom having wreathed thy brow,
Thou went a second Cincinnatus to the plough.

—*Nathan Covington Brooks.*

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the clouds of the fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O, say, does that Star-Spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star-Spangled banner; O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God Is Our Trust."
And the Star-Spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

—*Francis Scott Key.*

WHEN KEY WROTE HIS SONG.

Writing from Washington, in 1856, Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney, of the Supreme Court of the United States, in a letter to a relative of the poet, gave an authoritative account of the composition of "The Star-Spangled Banner:"

In 1814, when the song was written, I resided in Frederic, and Mr. Key in Georgetown. . . . Soon after the British troops retired from Washington a squadron of the enemy's ships made their way up the Potomac and appeared before Alexandria, which was compelled to capitulate and the squadron remained there some days, plundering the town of tobacco and whatever else they wanted. It was rumored and believed in Frederic that a marauding attack of the same character would be made on Washington and Georgetown before the ships left the river. Mr. Key's family were still in Georgetown. He would not, and indeed could not with honor, leave the place while it was threatened by the enemy, for he was a volunteer in the light artillery commanded by Major Peter, which was composed of citizens of the District of Columbia, who had uniformed themselves and offered their services to the

government and who had been employed in active service from the time the British fleet appeared in the Patuxent preparatory to the movement upon Washington, and Mrs. Key refused to leave home while Mr. Key was thus daily exposed to danger. . . . When I reached Georgetown I found the English ships still at Alexandria, and a body of militia encamped in Washington which had been assembled to defend the city. But it was then believed from information received that no attack would be made by the enemy on Washington or Georgetown, and preparations were making on our part to annoy them by batteries on shore when they descended the river. The knowledge of these preparations probably hastened their departure, and the second or third day after my arrival the ships were seen moving down the Potomac.

On the evening of the day after the enemy disappeared Mr. Richard West arrived at Mr. Key's and told him that after the British army passed through Upper Marlbro' on their return to their ships and had encamped some miles below the town, a detachment was sent back which entered Dr. Beanes's house about midnight, compelled him to rise from his bed, and hurried him off to the British camp, hardly allowing him time to put his clothes on; that he was treated with great harshness and closely guarded, and that as soon as his friends were apprized of his situation they hastened to the headquarters of the English army to solicit his release, but it was peremptorily refused, and they were not even permitted to see him; and that he had been carried as a prisoner on board the fleet, and finding their own efforts unavailing, and alarmed for his safety, his friends in and about Marlbro' thought it

advisable that Mr. West should hasten to Georgetown and request Mr. Key to obtain the sanction of the government to his going on board the Admiral's ship under a flag of truce and endeavoring to procure the release of Dr. Beanes before the fleet sailed. It was then lying at the mouth of the Potomac and its destination was not at that time known with certainty. Dr. Beanes was the leading physician in Upper Marlbro' and an accomplished scholar and gentleman. He was highly respected by all who knew him, was the family physician of Mr. West and the intimate friend of Mr. Key. He occupied one of the best houses in Upper Marlbro' and lived very handsomely; and his house was selected for the quarters of Admiral Cockburn and some of the principal officers of the army, when the British troops encamped at Marlbro' on their march to Washington. These officers were, of course, furnished with everything the house could offer; and they, in return, treated him with much courtesy and placed guards around his grounds and outhouses to prevent depredations by their troops.

But on the return of the army to the ships after the main body had passed through the town, stragglers who had left the ranks to plunder, or from some other motive, made their appearance from time to time singly or in small squads; and Dr. Beanes put himself at the head of a small body of citizens to pursue and make prisoners of them. Information of this proceeding was, by some means or other, conveyed to the English camp; and the detachment of which I have spoken was sent back to release the prisoners and seize Dr. Beanes. They did not seem to regard him and cer-

tainly did not treat him as a prisoner of war, but as one who had deceived and broken his faith to them.

Mr. Key readily agreed to undertake the mission in his favor, and the President promptly gave his sanction to it. Orders were immediately issued to the vessel usually employed as a cartel in the communications with the fleet in the Chesapeake to be made ready without delay; and Mr. John S. Skinner, who was agent for the government for flags of truce and exchange of prisoners, and who was well-known as such to the officers of the fleet, was directed to accompany Mr. Key. And as soon as the arrangements were made, he hastened to Baltimore, where the vessel was, to embark; and Mrs. Key and the children went with me to Frederic and thence to his father's on Pipe Creek, where she remained until he returned.

We heard nothing from him until the enemy retreated from Baltimore, which, as well as I can now recollect, was a week or ten days after he left us; and we were becoming uneasy about him when, to our great joy, he made his appearance at my house on his way to join his family. He told me that he found the British fleet at the mouth of the Potomac, preparing for the expedition against Baltimore. He was courteously received by Admiral Cochrane and the officers of the army as well as the navy. But when he made known his business his application was received so coldly that he feared it would fail. General Ross and Admiral Cockburn—who accompanied the expedition to Washington—particularly the latter, spoke of Dr. Beanes in very harsh terms and seemed at first not disposed to release him. It, however, happened fortunately that Mr. Skinner carried letters from the

wounded British officers left at Bladensburg; and in these letters to their friends on board the fleet they all spoke of the humanity and kindness with which they had been treated after they had fallen into our hands.

And after a good deal of conversation and strong representations from Mr. Key as to the character and standing of Dr. Beanes, and of the deep interest which the community in which he lived took in his fate, General Ross said that Dr. Beanes deserved much more punishment than he had received; but that he felt himself bound to make a return for the kindness which had been shown to his wounded officers, whom he had been compelled to leave at Bladensburg; and upon that ground and that only he would release him. But Mr. Key was at the same time informed that neither he nor any one else would be permitted to leave the fleet for some days; and must be detained until the attack on Baltimore which was then about to be made was over. But he was assured that they would make him and Mr. Skinner as comfortable as possible while they detained them. Admiral Cochrane, with whom they dined on the day of their arrival, apologized for not accommodating them in his own ship, saying that it was crowded already with officers of the army, but that they would be well taken care of in the frigate Surprise, commanded by his son, Sir Thomas Cochrane. And to this frigate they were accordingly transferred.

Mr. Key had an interview with Dr. Beanes before General Ross consented to release him. I do not recollect whether he was on board the Admiral's ship or the Surprise, but I believe it was the former. He found him in the forward part of the ship, among the

sailors and soldiers; he had not had a change of clothing from the time he was seized; was constantly treated with indignity by those around him, and no officer would speak to him. He was treated as a culprit and not as a prisoner of war. And this harsh and humiliating treatment continued until he was placed on board the cartel.

Something must have passed when the officers were quartered at his house, on the march to Washington, which, in the judgment of General Ross, bound him not to take up arms against the English forces until the troops had re-embarked. It is impossible on any other ground to account for the manner in which he was spoken of and treated. But whatever General Ross and the other officers may have thought I am quite sure that Dr. Beanes did not think he was in any way pledged to abstain from active hostilities against the public enemy. And when he made prisoners of the stragglers he did not consider himself as a prisoner on parole, nor suppose himself to be violating any obligation he had incurred. For he was a gentleman of untainted character and a nice sense of honor and incapable of doing anything that could have justified such treatment. Mr. Key imputed the ill-usage he received to the influence of Admiral Cockburn who, it is still remembered, while he commanded in the Chesapeake, carried on hostilities in a vindictive temper, assailing and plundering defenseless villages or countenancing such proceedings by those under his command.

Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner continued on board of the Surprise, where they were very kindly treated by Sir Thomas Cochrane, until the fleet reached the Patapsco, and preparations were making for landing the troops.

Admiral Cochrane had shifted his flag to the frigate in order that he might be able to move farther up the river and superintend in person the attack by water on the fort. And Mr. Key and Mr. Skinner were then sent on board their own vessel, with a guard of sailors or marines to prevent them from landing. They were permitted to take Dr. Beanes with them, and they thought themselves fortunate in being anchored in a position to see distinctly the flag of Fort McHenry from the deck of the vessel. He proceeded then with much animation to describe the scene on the night of the bombardment. He and Mr. Skinner remained on deck during the night, watching every shell from the moment it was fired until it fell, listening with breathless interest to hear if any explosion followed. While the bombardment continued it was sufficient proof that the fort had not surrendered. But it suddenly ceased sometime before day, and as they had no communication with any of the enemy's ships, they did not know whether the fort had surrendered or the attack upon it been abandoned. They paced the deck for the residue of the night in painful suspense, watching with intense anxiety for the return of day, and looking every few minutes at their watches to see how long they must wait for it; and as soon as it dawned and before it was light enough to see objects at a distance their glasses were turned to the fort, uncertain whether they should see there the Stars and Stripes or the flag of the enemy. At length the light came and they saw that "our flag was still there." And as the day advanced they discovered from the movements of the boats between the shore and the fleet that the troops had been roughly handled, and that many wounded men were carried to

the ships. At length he was informed that the attack on Baltimore had failed and the British army was re-embarking, and that he and Mr. Skinner and Dr. Beanes would be permited to leave them and go where they pleased, as soon as the troops were on board and the fleet ready to sail.

He then told me that under the excitement of the time he had written a song and handed me a printed copy of the "Star-Spangled Banner." When I had read it and expressed my admiration I asked him how he had found time in the scenes he had been passing through to compose such a song? He said he commenced it on the deck of their vessel, in the fervor of the moment, when he saw the enemy hastily retreating to their ships and looked at the flag he had watched for so anxiously as the morning opened; that he had written some lines or brief notes that would aid him in calling them to mind upon the back of a letter which he happened to have in his pocket, and for some of the lines as he proceeded he was obliged to rely altogether upon his memory; and that he finished it in the boat on his way to the shore and wrote it out as it now stands at the hotel on the night he reached Baltimore and immediately after he arrived. He said that on the next morning he took it to Judge Nicholson to ask him what he thought of it; that he was so much pleased with it that he immediately sent it to a printer and directed copies to be struck off in hand-bill form and he, Mr. Key, believed it to have been favorably received by the Baltimore public.

Judge Nicholson and Mr. Key were nearly connected by marriage, Mrs. Key and Mrs. Nicholson being sisters. The Judge was a man of cultivated

taste, had at once time been distinguished among the leading men in Congress, and was at the period of which I speak the Chief Justice of Baltimore, and one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals of Maryland. Notwithstanding his judicial character which exempted him from military service, he accepted the command of a volunteer company of artillery, and when the enemy approached and an attack on the fort was expected he and his company offered their services to the government to assist in its defense. They were accepted and formed a part of the garrison during the bombardment. The Judge had been relieved from duty and returned to his family only the night before Mr. Key showed him his song. And you may easily imagine the feelings with which, at such a moment, he read it and gave it to the public. It was, no doubt, as Mr. Key modestly expressed it, favorably received. In less than an hour after it was placed in the hands of the printers it was all over town and hailed with enthusiasm and took its place at once as a national song. . . . I have felt a melancholy pleasure in recalling events connected in any degree with the life of one with whom I was so long and so closely united in friendship and affection, and whom I so much admired for his brilliant genius and loved for his many virtues. While the song shows his genius and taste as a poet, the incidents connected with it and the circumstances under which it was written, will show his character and worth as a man. The scene he describes and the warm spirit of patriotism which breathes in the song, were not the offspring of mere fancy or poetic imagination. He describes what he actually saw, and he tells us what he felt while witnessing the conflict and what

he felt when the battle was over and the victory won by his countrymen. Every word comes warm from his heart, and for that reason, even more than for its poetic merit, it never fails to find a response in the hearts of those who listen to it.

DEATH OF GENERAL ROSS.

Rosstrevor's mountains slope to sea,
O'er Carlingford dark shadows rise;
Verdure spreads o'er outlying lea,
In emerald beauty, 'neath those skies.
There Ross looked out when first he saw
The light of day with eyes of fire;
There grew to strength of lion's paw
With courage which the brave admire.

. . . . . .

The deadly muskets' bright display,
Along the roadbed moved on down,
Nearing the Briton in his way
Of rapid march toward the town.
In mute surprise stood face to face
Invading host and skirmishers;
They locked their arms in death's embrace,
As well became such musketeers.
Ross heard the fire, then urged his horse,
Heedless of unexpected snare;
He plunged on madly in his course,
Reckless of warning word "Beware!"
Howard, at front, sustained the shock,
The blast on Aisquith's line uprose,
Levering's rank stood firm as rock,
Clouds gathered o'er the smoky throes;
It wreathed and curled beneath the skies,
When Randall's spirit swept through space,
Above the earth was seen to rise,
With sunshine streaming o'er his face.

McComas walk'd the steps through air—
With Wells departed out of sight;
They passed to distant climes afar,
Unbounded by the shades of night.
The wounded Ross, by friendly arms,
Was laid beside the crimson road.
He closed his ears to war's alarms,
Amid the ebbing of his blood.
Andre fell in his early morn,
The flowers of youth around his brow,
With manly virtues which adorn
And bear their blossoms even now.
Of Donaldson, let sweetest lay
Awake o'er him sublimest song.

. . . . . .

The hour had come to end suspense,
The raging storm fierce howled without;
The Britons through the dark stole hence,
Nor left behind a single scout.
They reached the shore and through the gale
Were rowed beside their rocking ship.
The tars unreefed the canvas sail
And bid their vessel onward sweep.
Cockburn gazed on surrounding space—
The stern, defiant old corsair;
Chagrin was written on his face,
To melancholy he was heir;
He saw his flag, with colors fast,
Float sadly o'er the briny flood—
The flag of Britain at half-mast
For one whose fate was sealed in blood.

—*William M. Marine.*

THE BATTLE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

Marble remembrancer,
And volume of enduring history,
Writ for the nations; kings the pages read,
And turn in terror from the stern reproof,
That stares the trembling despot in the teeth,

And stings the fierce oppressor to the soul.
A beacon thou of Freedom—bright and pure—
A Parian way-mark on the road that leads
From the low shades of servitude and shame,
Up to the sunlit realm of Liberty.
. . . . On thy rim
Is written with the pen of steel, and thou
Wilt ever bear its tracery of blood—
"Resistance to the base usurper's law."
The rights of men—their consecrated rights,
Chartered by heaven and inalienable,
Are chiseled on thy chaplet; thou dost bear
Witness of their anointing, and the blood
That sprinkles thee in baptism, hath reared up
A mighty battlement around these shores;
More firm than walls of adamantine strength—
More durable than marble—a tower high
Built of affection, that may never fall.
The mountain's granite crown fierce storms may wear,
And ever rolling waves may waste the rocks
'Till they become as nothing; but the winds,
Nor sweeping waves, nor Time's eternal tooth,
May touch the deeds affection makes her own.
The tale ensculptured on thy snowy frieze,
Memory's immortal finger hath enscribed
On hearts unnumbered, the high fortress now
Of fadeless liberty forever fixed . . . .
And may the goddess of the city stand
Forever in the sunlight of thy shaft,
Wearing her mural crown, and holding high
The laurel wreath which in her hand she bears.

—*Rev. John N. McJilton, D. D.*

PARSON THOMAS AND THE BRITISH ARMY.

No event in the history of Rev. Joshua Thomas gave such a wide celebrity to his name or was remembered by himself with more interest than that which we now proceed to record. As the man who, in preaching

to the enemies of his country, foretold their defeat, and warned them against proceeding to Baltimore; who gained their respect for his unflinching adherence to truth and right, he earned a notoriety and well-merited distinction that will live through many generations. The Prettyman Manuscript (autobiography of Parson Thomas) continues:

"Towards the close of summer, in the year 1814, we were made aware of some important movement among the British forces encamped on Tangier Island. Preparations began both on shore and through the fleet in the harbor. Signals were exchanged, orders given and all became bustle and activity. Some of the officers told me the cause of all this—they were going to take Baltimore. I told them they had better let it alone; they might be mistaken in their calculations, for the Baltimoreans would resist them, and would fight hard for their city and their homes. 'Oh,' said they, 'we can take it easily.' I told them it was a dangerous undertaking, in my opinion, for I believed God would fight for the good people in that city and aid them in defeating their enemies. Before they left Tangier they sent me word to be ready to hold a public meeting and exhort the soldiers on the camp ground. I did not like to refuse, and yet I was very unwilling to perform this duty . . . It was arranged to be the last Sunday they were in camp. Early that morning the flags were hoisted, the drums beat and every preparation was made for a full turnout. Boats were plying from the ships to the shore and bands of music were playing on board. At the hour appointed the soldiers were all drawn up in solid columns, about twelve thousand men, under the pines of the

old camp ground, which formed the open space in the centre of their tents. I stood on a little platform, erected at the end of the camp nearest the shore, all the men facing me with their hats off and held by the right hand under the left arm. An officer stood on my right and one on my left, and sentries were stationed a little distance to the rear. As I looked around on my congregation I never had such feelings in my life, but I felt determined to give them a faithful warning. After singing and prayer I began to feel a little better in mind and more at liberty. Soon all fear and embarrassment were taken away from me and I proceeded in my exhortation as freely as ever I did in any place or before any people . . . I thanked them and their Admiral for the kindness they manifested to us, but I could not bid them God speed in what I understood they were going to do. I warned them of the danger and distress they would bring upon themselves and others by going to Baltimore with the object they had in view. I told them of the great wickedness of war and that God said 'Thou shalt not kill.' If you do, He will judge you at the last day, or before then; He will cause you to 'perish by the sword.' I told them it was given me from the Almighty that they could not take Baltimore and would not succeed in their expedition. I exhorted them to prepare for death, for many of them would in all likelihood die soon, and I should see them no more till we met at the sound of the great trumpet before our final Judge."

The service concluded, many stepped up to the intrepid parson and thanked him for his faithful warnings, and said they hoped it would not go so hard

with them as he had foretold. He shook his head and said he felt that many that day had received their last call . . . The most remarkable thing about his address was the steady persistence with which he predicted the defeat of their intended expedition to Baltimore. The army had hitherto met with but feeble resistance at any point up or down the bay. Bladensburg had proved the weakness of our defense, Washington was a heap of smoking ruins, Alexandria capitulated without resistance, and now, with concentrated force, the whole squadron pours its flushed and confident thousands on Baltimore. The proud fleet weighed anchor, and, with pennants streaming and decks bristling with the machinery of war, stood up the bay and left the anxious islanders awaiting the issue. The booming of heavy ordnance was wafted o'er the waters day after day and night after night, gun answering to gun, until silence told the people of Tangier that the fight was over. But was it gained or lost by the assailants? For tidings that might settle this question they waited with sleepless eagerness. Brother Thomas showed no concern except for the slain in battle, of which he expected to hear. He says:

"When the battle was over we saw them coming and I went down to meet the first that landed. I felt great distress for fear many of those I knew had been killed, and also lest some of our own people (the citizens of Baltimore) had met their death. My worst fears were far short of the reality. The first officers I met I asked them if they had taken Baltimore. They looked at me and said: 'No, but hundreds of our brave men have been slain and our best general is killed. It turned out just as you told us the Sunday before

we left. All the time we were fighting we thought of you and what you told us. You seemed to be standing right before us, still warning us against our attempt to take Baltimore.' "

—*Rev. Adam Wallace.*

BALTIMORE.

Go, tread yon green and glorious hill,
And cast thine eye adown the bay!
O! who could gaze nor feel a thrill
Through the glad pulses play.
Before thee spreads Patapsco's tide,
The rival of the dazzling sky,
And on its waves in swan-like pride,
The barks move stately by.

And see that banner of our sires
Above McHenry's bulwarks wave,
Where once it lit with holy fires
To victory, freedom's brave.
In adamant that standard's fixed
Till light to darkness shall be hurled—
Its stars with those of heaven be mixed—
The beacon of the world.

O! Armistead! nursed by freedom's dame
To lead her sons to glory's shrine,
Why speak thy much loved banner's name
Without a thought of thine?
Long as Patapsco's waves shall roll
Around the walls thy valor manned,
Or floats aloft yon eagle scroll,
Thy hallowed name shall stand.

—*Charles Soran.*

WASHINGTON.

Thine all the fame that war bestows,
And all that peace can give be thine;
Far expell'd thy country's foes,
Olives with thy laurels twine.
Now the work of death is o'er,
Pale-ey'd danger quits our shore,
Sheath the sword, embrace the drum,
See the great Deliverer come.
Wake, my bards, your choral lay,
Hallow the auspicious day;
And hail, as Freedom's joyful ardours burn,
In glory and peace, my Washington's return.

Fair Freedom smiles, the work is done,
The laurel wreath adorns her fane;
By me she greets her Washington,
And pays this consecrated strain.
Nor thou refuse the hallowed lay,
Thy country's genius still shall pay,
For not alone the ensanguin'd field
Rich harvests of Renown shall yield;
But pleas'd beside thy calm retreat,
The civic virtues fix their seat.
While through thy groves, and o'er thy crystal springs,
Contentment still shall smile and honour wave her wings.
(1783.) —*John Thomas.*

DECLARATION ON TAKING UP ARMS.

Our cause is just. Our union is perfect. Our internal resources are great, and if necessary foreign assistance is undoubtedly obtainable. We gratefully acknowledge, as a signal instance of Divine favor towards us, that His providence would not permit us to be called into this severe controversy until we were grown up to our present strength, had been previ-

ously exercised in warlike operations and possessed the means of defending ourselves. With hearts fortified by these animating reflections we most solemnly, before God and the world, Declare, that, exercising the utmost energy of those powers which our beneficent Creator has graciously bestowed upon us, the arms we have been compelled by our enemies to assume we will, in defiance of every hazard, with unabating firmness and perseverance, employ for the preservation of our liberties, being with one mind resolved to die freemen rather than to live slaves.

Lest this declaration should disquiet the minds of our friends and fellow-subjects in any part of the empire, we assure them that we mean not to dissolve that union which has so long and so happily subsisted between us, and which we sincerely wish to see restored. Necessity has not yet driven us into that desperate measure or induced us to excite any other nation to war against them. We have not raised armies with ambitious designs of separating from Great Britain and establishing independent States. We fight not for glory or for conquest. We exhibit to mankind the remarkable spectacle of a people attacked by unprovoked enemies, without any imputation or even suspicion of offense. They boast of their privileges and civilization and yet proffer no milder conditions than servitude or death. In our own native land, in defense of the freedom that is our birthright, and which we ever enjoyed till the late violation of it—for the protection of our property acquired solely by the honest industry of our forefathers and ourselves against violence actually offered we have taken up arms. We shall lay them down when hostilities shall

cease on the part of the aggressors and all danger of their being renewed shall be removed, and not before. With an humble confidence in the mercies of the Supreme and Impartial Judge and Ruler of the Universe, we most devoutly implore His divine goodness to protect us happily through this great conflict, to dispose our adversaries to reconciliation on reasonable terms, and thereby to relieve the empire from the calamities of civil war.

—*John Dickinson.*

THE LAST SIGNER.

In the year 1826, after all save one of the band of patriots whose signatures are borne on the Declaration of Independence had descended to the tomb, and the venerable Carroll alone remained among the living, the government of the City of New York deputed a committee to wait on the illustrious survivor and obtain from him, for deposit in the public hall of the city, a copy of the Declaration of 1776, graced and authenticated anew with his sign manual. The aged patriot yielded to the request and affixed with his own hand to the copy of that instrument the grateful, solemn and pious supplemental declaration:

"Grateful to Almighty God for the blessings which, through Jesus Christ our Lord, he has conferred on my beloved country in her emancipation, and on myself in permitting me, under circumstances of mercy, to live to the age of 89 years, and to survive the fiftieth year of American independence and certify by my present signature my approbation of the Declaration of Independence adopted by Congress on the 4th

of July, 1776, which I originally subscribed on the 2d day of August of the same year, and of which I am now the last surviving signer, I do hereby recommend to the present and future generations the principles of that important document as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them, and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to remotest posterity, and extended to the whole family of man.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton."

August 2, 1826.

THOMAS STONE.

Many of those bold patriots who pledged life, fortune and honor in support of the independence of the United States of America left behind but few written memorials of the scenes in which they took a conspicuous part, and hence the biographers who engaged in the task of delineating the characters and acts of those men were obliged to find their materials in scattered fragments among public records, or from the lips of surviving relatives or compatriots. Such was the case of Thomas Stone, whose unassuming manners and attachment to domestic life kept him in apparent obscurity except when called forth by the commands of duty. Thomas Stone was born at Pointoin Manor, in the Province of Maryland, in the year 1743. After receiving a good English education and some knowledge of the classics, he entered upon the study of the law, and at the age of twenty-one years he commenced its practice. Although quite unambitious of personal

fame, he nevertheless, from the impulses of a patriotic heart, espoused the cause of the patriots and took an active part in the movements preliminary to the calling of the first General Congress in 1774. He was elected one of the first five delegates thereto from that State, and after actively performing his duties throughout the first short session he again retired to private life. But his talents and his patriotism had become too conspicuous for his fellow-citizens to allow him to remain inactive, and toward the latter part of 1775 he was again elected to the General Congress. Mr. Stone, like Paca and others, voted for and signed the Declaration of Independence. He was one of the committee that framed the Articles of Confederation, which were finally adopted in November, 1777. He was again elected to Congress in that year, and finally retired from it early in 1778 and entered the Legislature of his own State, where he earnestly advocated the adoption by that body of the Articles of Confederation. Mr. Stone was again elected to Congress in 1783, and was present when General Washington resigned his military commission into the hands of that body. In 1784 he was appointed President of Congress pro tempore, and had not his native modesty supervened he would doubtless have been regularly elected to that important station, then the highest office in the gift of the people. On the adjournment of Congress he returned to his constituents and resumed the duties of his profession at Port Tobacco, the place of his residence, where he died on the fifth day of October, 1787, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

—D. W. Belisle.

SAMUEL CHASE.

Samuel Chase was born on the seventeenth day of April, 1741, in Somerset county, Maryland. His father was a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and, possessing an excellent education himself, he imparted such instruction to his son in the study of the classics and in the common branches of an English education as well fitted him for entering upon professional life. He commenced the study of law at the age of eighteen years, under Messrs. Hammond and Hall, of Annapolis, who stood at the head of their profession in that section of the province. At the age of twenty he was admitted to practice before the mayor's court, and at twenty-two he became a member of the bar and was allowed to practice in the chancery and other colonial courts. He located at Annapolis, where he soon became distinguished as an advocate and one of the most successful lawyers in the province. At the early age of twenty years Mr. Chase was chosen a member of the Provincial Assembly, and there his independence of feeling and action in matters of principle greatly offended those time-serving legislators who fawned at the feet of the royal governor. There he first gave evidence of that stamina of character which he afterwards so strongly manifested when called upon to act amid the momentous scenes of the Revolution. The Stamp Act aroused the energies of his soul to do battle for his country's rights, and he was among the first in Maryland who lifted up voice and hand against the oppressor. Mr. Chase was one of five delegates to the first General Congress in 1774, appointed by a convention of the

people of Maryland. In the General Congress he was bold and energetic and even at that early day he expressed his sentiments freely in favor of absolute independence. This feeling, however, was not general in the colonies, and the people were desirous of reconciliation by righteous means rather than independence. Early in the spring of 1776 he was appointed one of the committee, with Dr. Franklin and Charles Carroll, to go on a mission to Canada, the chief object of which was to effect a concurrence in that province with the movements in the other English colonies. Mr. Chase gave his vote for the Declaration of Independence and signed the instrument with a willing hand. He continued a member of Congress until 1778, and was almost constantly employed in the duties of most important committees. Some of these were of a delicate and trying nature, yet he never allowed his sensibility to control his judgment or shake his firmness of purpose. In 1796 President Washington nominated him a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, which nomination was confirmed by the Senate. He held the office about fifteen years, and no man ever stood higher for honesty of purpose and integrity of motive than Judge Chase. Notwithstanding the rancor of such party feeling as dared to charge President Washington with appropriating the public money to his own private use did all in its power to pluck the ermine from his shoulders, yet his purity beamed the brighter as the clouds grew darker and he lived to hear the last whisper of calumny flit by like a bat in the morning twilight. His useful life terminated on the nineteenth day of June, 1811, when he was in the seventieth year of his age.

—*D. W. Belisle.*

LAST DAYS OF WILLIAM PACA.

The inauguration of Smallwood relieved Governor Paca for a brief season from the cares of public office, and it was probably at this time that the mansion at Wye Island was in its greatest glory. With Judge John Beale Bordley's model farm at one end and Judge Paca's manorial home at the other, Wye Island presented a magnificent specimen of American life in the times of the Republican Court. There can scarcely be imagined a more charming retreat for a man of wealth and literary culture, wearied with the burdens of public life in such trying times. Its insular position ensured just enough of seclusion to secure rest and quietude, while the lovely river, navigable almost to its sources, afforded a short and pleasant water route to Annapolis, or a narrow and safe ferriage to the principal lines of land travel. The kindly soil yielded in richest abundance every necessary or luxury of rural life; the fields and thickets abounded then, as now, with game birds in variety to satisfy the sportsman or the epicure, while the fox gave ample opportunity for the gentleman-farmer's favorite recreation. The "Narrows" afforded as fine duck shooting as could be found anywhere on "the Shore" and the nets, set overnight a short distance from the land, were sure to supply the breakfast table with the choicest of fish.

But the stern call of duty had twice called upon William Paca to leave all this pleasantness for the service of his country, and now a still more inexorable voice, which had also twice bidden him relinquish the dearest ties of domestic happiness, brought the summons which no man may dispute. On the twenty-

third of October, 1799, he died at Wye Hall, having nearly completed his fifty-ninth year. It is pleasant to find a man of his position and celebrity crowning an active and useful public life with a peaceful and happy death. "During his illness he conversed with perfect resignation on his approaching dissolution, and cheerfully submitted to sickness and death under a deep conviction of the unerring wisdom and goodness of his Heavenly Father. To the faith and charity of a Christian he added the civil virtues of a gentleman. Fond as a husband, indulgent as a father, constant as a friend and kind as a master." His burial took place, not upon the island, but at Wye House, just across the Narrows, where the old family burying ground was situated. There, beneath a simple mound fast sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, rests all that was mortal of William Paca, twice Governor of Maryland, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and holder successively of three of the highest judicial offices in the country.

—*Robert Wilson.*

THE TOWER OF WYE.

It was near the beginning of autumn, in the year of our Lord 1627, when we made our plantation on the Isle of Kent, in the great bay of the Chesapeake—a time when the wide world was all awry with dangers even more than now; whereof we had surely our full share in remembrance after so many and frantic disquiets from picaroons and savage natural heathen in the passage of the Virginian Sea.

Now were we adventurers for long time a little world unto ourselves, being compassed on every side by desert land or desert water. Seeing us rooted, our patron went and came, like a thoughtful overlord, as indeed he was, bringing news now from Accomac and now from Jamestown, with echoings from over sea, which alone would make his visitation a thing to celebrate. In general he stayed but so long as might serve for accounting and for inspection of his own farmland, its tilth and its yield; but he made it his business to hearten the settlement in one way or another every time he came . . . Voyaging thence along the deep eastern bight or inward curve of the bay, which was in itself a notable great water, we met divers wild people there, but had little barter, notwithstanding we took with us good store of what they most would value and offered the same freely, for they were unused to us and shy. Very likely they, too, had heard that we were entrappers and devourers.

We spent the night far off shore for safety, but by noon of the morrow came to a good, broad river mouth. First therein was a bold inlet, thick with woods; and above that a much greater one, dividing the river into two thin streams that came together again at the point of a long cape like a finger. We were two days in going about this, and thought it beyond anything we had yet seen, being populated with trustful folk and obviously prolific in corn . . . So I found myself lord of a domain and we sailed away, jesting; for we had as yet no fancy what it was to be to us .We called it then the Isle of Wye, and the river Wye also, after that greater one betwixt England and Wales. The name yet endures; I doubt not that it will for many and many a day . . .

We made our stronghold—a great tower of logs with many a loophole—in a grove on the finger of land which ran down from the body of the isle, parting the two rivers. It had a vast excavation or cellarage for our magazine, most like a cavern, deep and wide, with two passages running thence underground, one to either shore, great enough to roll an hogshead through and lined very deftly in brickwork. This was an expedient not heard of before in these waters, but which came to me by an old border tale of the Secretary, and seemed to fit our need, as affording safe ingress and irruption with a choice of ways in case of beleaguerment. The notion of it had been laboring in my head as we sailed.

We further strengthened that fortalice with palisades and other outworks, taking heed not to remove our screen of leafage Now when all was dōne our enemy would hardly find the tower without guidance, nor readily take it after finding; since, though hidden so well, it had a good command of both rivers and of the open water some way below.

We called it, as was natural, the Tower of Wye, a name ever afterward held, especially in our dear love and pride, although in quieter trafficking days York has been made to overlay it as the fort decayed and the houses thickened above. Ah! well, that, too, may have its term and period. Even now, for all the richness of the isle, the little town is melting apart and dwindling.

Also, not far above, we made a barrier of earthwork and palisades across the island, with but one gateway—on the crown of that low bridge—this being

curtained before and vigilantly watched behind, where a guardhouse was set.

By the time everything was done and some cabins were raised and a few fields broken, the season had changed on us to early summer, whereby instead of white blooms and violets and those infant-like blue flowers that later make a faint frosting of skytint over the ground, we had now the first wild roses in the open land, purple spikes along the marshes, and in the thickets a many of that exquisite bloom which we do call the laurel . . .

Cheery were the days in that our little colony on Kent Isle—days of happy junketing and visits between neighbors and many a festal eve. Sailed full often from the Isle of Wye, unto our gatherings, good friends and true, with tidings that still there among them all went well.

That year our cultivation spread far northward into the forest, where settler after settler had cut out his clearing and made his sturdy home. Never was traffic with the coppery folk so promising, a plentitude of fur-skins being brought into our hands from every side.

'Tis true, with St. Mary's beyond the bay we were quite openly at war; but that had no meaning now beyond petty capture or incursion and reprisals, both sides being so alert and well guarded that it seemed more like some frivolous and mimic game.

This lasted not, nor will I dwell upon the ending; when, with William Claiborne and his sister and many a true friend beside, we sought our strong Tower of Wye, standing there for a time desperately at bay; then, all availing not, betook us in sore dislodgment

and through many grim and eerie hazards to old England once again for few years only.

Nor boots it to set forth what history has told—until at last the swaying and turmoil has come quite to a balance . . . and Richard Smith may write out freely among all men on this fair level Isle of Kent these bedappled memories of olden days, answering to no hostile assembly for the plain duty that he did, nor driven any more to the woods or the waters for refuge, and fearing by night or day no manner of evil.

—*William H. Babcock.*

MARGARET BRENT, LAWYER.

Margaret Brent, mistress by the gallantry of the men of Maryland, who thought when honorable age came to an unmarried maiden, then she should be dignified with the title of madam. So, then, this Mistress Brent was Miss Margaret Brent, sister of Giles Brent, sometime Governor of Maryland. Her appearance in the provincial court began in 1642, when she made frequent demand of the court to assist her to collect her personal debts, but later in its records she is on the dockets as the attorney of the Lieutenant-Governor, and, as such, was entered on the proceedings of the courts and was, therefore, the first woman lawyer in America, and, doubtless, in the world, if we except the lovely Portia. The first case that Mistress Brent conducted for a client was when, armed with a power of attorney from Fulke Brent, she demanded three thousand pounds of tobacco from Marmaduke Snow, and the same day had a warrant issued

to attach that amount of tobacco in the hands of William Popes. A few days later Mistress Brent appeared with a power of attorney from Edward Packer and demanded of Robert Kedger four hundred and sixty pounds of tobacco. It was, moreover, as the administratrix of Governor Leonard Calvert that the woman lawyer of early Maryland obtained her greatest historical prominence, and in that capacity she frequently appeared in the courts and later invaded the General Assembly and demanded the right to vote in that body—one vote for herself and one as the representative of Governor Calvert's estate. This claim was denied, but in court her standing was never questioned, and she was one of the most active practitioners of her day, her name appearing over and over again in cases of interest and importance. In every respect Mistress Brent discharged the duties of attorney in cases entrusted to her with that fidelity and punctuality that become the members of an arduous and responsible profession.

—*Elihu S. Riley.*

MISTRESS BRENT DEMANDS A VOTE.

The Assembly yet held its meetings, and though she was no longer the Proprietor's representative, still was she Calvert's attorney and one of the largest landowners in the colony. She who was a week ago the head of the government would demand now a voice in the Assembly . . . She could see the red light shine out in the snow and men, wrapped in long cloaks close drawn about their faces, their wide hats pulled low, came hurriedly out. There was Thomas Gerard,

stately and soldierly; there was Thomas Wair from the Potomac; there was that rank, disaffected Hammond; there was Richard Preston from his new claimed manor on the Patuxent; there was Giles (Brent); she knew his quick, firm walk and straight, slender figure; there was her brother-in-law Rogers. She rubbed a bigger space with her hot palm on the pane and watched them around the curve. She well knew where they were going. The sunrise gun had sounded, and the gun for the half hour afterward, though the morning was too dull to know the sunrise save by the hour. They wended their way to the fort, in which they would hold the day's session of the Assembly. But yesterday she had sat amongst them, their honored head; today, to give full edge to her bitterness, a heavy step came crunching beneath the window. Jock, foreman and holder of property upon her estate, was bound thither likewise; he now had a right to sit in the sessions and add his voice to the vote . . . Down the stair and out the hall she made her way with word to none. Outside the icy wind caught her and fair whirled her off her feet, but Mistress Brent threw back her head and smiled at the wintry touch. She was bent on contest, and contest with the storm but whetted her humor . . . She put her hand upon the buttoned door and without a moment's thought was within; nor did she look to right or left or heed any curious glances as she undid the fastenings from her cloak and slipped the hood from her dark, roughened hair. That done, she looked about her steadily; one had been speaking who made pause at her entry, and in the mute astonishment of the Assembly resumed his seat. This was the time for

the utterance of those flaming sentences which had burned within her all night.

"Gentlemen," she said firmly, and there was no sound in the room save her fresh, clear voice and the howling of the wind outside—"gentlemen, I come to claim a vote in this Assembly."

The newly appointed Governor moved anxiously in his chair and Giles, after one shrewd glance from face to face, turned his keen gaze upon the glowing logs at the far end of the room, whose heat scarce took the edge from the bitter air, so that the Assemblymen sat for the most part with their cloaks about them.

. . . "I ventured amongst ye, and no man in the colony ventured more, for I staked all I had, and whether I have succeeded or lost I leave ye to judge. Then by one great loss the questions of your government were forced upon me. How have I met them? Is there a man amongst ye, God knows I say it not boastingly, could have done aught more? Did I not find the province shaken? Had not my Lord Baltimore's authority been disregarded, and the laws ye yourselves made set aside for nigh two years? Did I not find chaos, rents unpaid, accounts unkept, invasion of savages threatened and menacing soldiers within the town? Ye have seen my accounts, how stand they? What did ye say in the letters ye writ my Lord Baltimore yesterday? Did ye not say in such words, no man of all would so have wrought it? And yet, because I am a woman, forsooth, today I must stand idly by and have not e'en a voice in the framing of your laws, a voice in the making of those regulations which shall govern one who is amongst the largest of your landowners.

"Is this justice? I ask in the name of years yet to come. Ye have prided yourselves on being the only colony within the New World which grants to every man the right of worshipping his God as he wisheth. Ye boast of your liberty and freedom and are proud that ye lead the way in the right, lead it in this likewise, build wisely, grant us justice, and let the woman who hath equal risks with ye in this new province have an equal voice in the government, else is your boasts as empty wind."

She made impressive pause and Gerard, who fain would have seen her success, moved in the next breath that the Assembly should vote on this question which Mistress Brent had raised. Yet when the question had been put to such test, she stood defeated. Giles and Gerard moved toward her, but she put aside all sympathy and drew herself proudly erect. "Then," she cried, in clear, ringing tones, "I do hereby protest against all this present Assembly and all its doings unless I may be present and have voice as aforesaid."

—*Lucy Meacham Thruston.*

FATE OF ANCIENT RECORDS.

The Legislature had about this time [1836] directed the Executive to cause a search through the government buildings with a view to the discovery of old state papers and manuscripts which, having been consigned time out of mind to neglect and oblivion, were known only as heaps of promiscuous lumber strewed over the floors of damp cellars and unfrequented garrets. The careless and unappreciative

spirit of the proper guardians of our archives in past years had suffered many precious folios and separate papers to be disposed of as mere rubbish; and the not less culpable and incurious indolence of their successors, in our own times, had treated them with equal indifference. The attention of the Legislature was awakened to the importance of this investigation by Mr. David Ridgely, the State Librarian, and he was appointed by the Executive to undertake the labor. Never did beagle pursue the chase with more steady foot than did this eager and laudable champion of the ancient fame of the State his chosen duty. He rummaged old cuddies, closets, vaults and cock-lofts, and pried into every recess of the Chancery, Land Office, the committee rooms and the Council Chamber searching upstairs and downstains wherever a truant paper was supposed to lurk.

Groping with lantern in hand and body bent, he made his way through narrow passages, startling the rats from their fastnesses where they had been entrenched for half a century, and breaking down the thick drapery—the Gobelin tapestry I might call it—woven by successive families of spiders from the days of the last Lord Proprietary. The very dust which was kicked up in Annapolis, as the old newspapers tell us, at the passage of the Stamp Act, was once more set in motion by the foot of this resolute and unwearied invader, and everywhere something was found to reward the toil of the search. But the most valuable discoveries were made in the Treasury—made, alas, too late for the full fruition of the Librarian's labor. The Treasury, one of the most venerable structures in the State, is that lowly and quaint

little edifice of brick which the visitor never fails to notice within the enclosure of the State House grounds. It was originally designed for the accommodation of the Governor and his Council and for the sessions of the Upper House of the Provincial Legislature; the Burgesses at that time holding their meetings in the old State House, which occupied the site of the present more imposing and capacious building, this latter having been erected about the year 1772.

In some dark recess of the Treasury Office, Mr. Ridgely struck upon a mine of wealth, in a mouldy wooden box which was found to contain many missing journals of the Provincial Council, some of which bore date as far back as 1666. It was a sad disappointment to him when his eye was greeted with the sight of these folios to see them crumble like the famed Dead Sea apples into powder upon every attempt to handle them. The form of the books was preserved and the character of the writing distinctly legible, but from the effects of moisture the paper had lost its cohesion and fell to pieces at every attempt to turn a leaf. I was myself a witness to this tantalizing deception, and with the Librarian, read enough to show the date and character of the perishing records.

—*John Pendleton Kennedy.*

THE CHESAPEAKE.

Beautiful vision, pure and sweet,
Child of the sea, fair Chesapeake.
Thy jeweled hands grasp fragrant lands,
And clasp them close with silver bands;

Thine arms uplift the graceful ships,
To press them to thy crystal lips;
Thy sandaled feet perfume the land
Embroidered by the golden sand;
Thy brow is crowned by morn with light,
With coronet of stars by night;
Thy voice is song in whispering breeze,
'Tis thunder tone to stormy seas;
Greets glist'ning sails when homeward bound
And wafts them off the world around,
To cleave the waves with snowy wings,
All ladened deep with precious things;
For treasures boundless thee are given,
Child of the sea and ward of heaven.
The legends love with thee to dwell,
And to the listening ear oft tell,
Of pristine days and daring race,
Of which there's scarce a living trace,
Save in thy name or mountain stream,
On story's page a lingering gleam.
The breakers come to thee from sea,
And sing along thy shores with glee,
They lift aloft their briny hands
In laughing hosts and shouting bands,
When dying day his garment furls,
Their snowy crests with harps of pearls
Sing the songs of the ancient sea,
And bid me look, O Lord, to Thee.

—*Edwin Higgins.*

THE OLD NATIONAL ROAD.

The old National Road! What a play of romance
Is called up by the name! and the shadows advance
From their corners obscure at the back of the stage,
And evolve into shapes—into scenes of an age
Whose sweet graces were too quaint and homely to last,
And are gone with the roses and rue of the past!
Let the bard, to the strains of his lyre, frame an ode
To that Highway of Hope—the old National Road!

From the sweet-smelling Maryland meadows it crawled,
Through the forest primeval, o'er hills granite-walled;
On and up, up and on, till it conquered the crest
Of the mountains and wound away into the West.
'Twas the Highway of Hope! and the pilgrims who trod
It were Lords of the Woodland and Sons of the Sod;
And the Hope of their Hearts was to win an abode
At the end—the far end of the National Road.

The old National Road! It stretched on—ever on—
Toward that Land where Humanity's vanguard had gone;
Past the spring on the mountain, the rill in the dale—
By the rut on the hillside, the Inn in the vale.
And the beings it loved and the people it knew
Were untutored and primitive, kindly and true;
And the face of the mid-summer sun ever glowed
With a smile for the faithful old National Road.

From the foot of the mountains still westward it trailed,
Till the footprints of settlements faltered and—failed;
Under skies that were blustering, skies that were bland,
Over turbulent streams that no bridge had e'er spanned
But the Rainbow of Promise, and ended its quest
Where the birds and the brooks of Ohio sang "Rest."
"Equal chances and favors for all!" was the code
Of the open and honest old National Road.

The old National Road! In the heat and the cold—
There the emigrant's canvas-topped vehicle rolled;
'Twas a great Conestoga—its wheels groaning sore
Of the journey they made and the burden they bore.
Uncomplaining the lank oxen swaggered and swung,
Under yoke, at the sides of the tetering tongue;
And the family cow, poor and patient, was towed
At the end of a rope—down the National Road.

—*Ohio Magazine.*

MAY AT BUENA VISTA.

(February 22-23, 1847.)

Ride! May!—To Buena Vista! for the Lancers gain our rear,
And we have few troops there to check their vehement career.
And May comes charging from the hills with his ranks of
flaming steel
While, shattered with a sudden fire, the foe already reel;
They flee amain!—Now to the left, to stay the torrent there,
Or else the day is surely lost, in horror and despair!
For their hosts pour swiftly onward, like a river in the spring,
Our flank is turned, and on the left their cannon thundering.
Now, good Artillery! bold Dragoons! Steady, brave hearts,
be calm!
Through rain, cold hail, and thunder, now nerve each gallant
arm.
What though their shot fall round us here, yet thicker than
the hail?
We'll stand against them, as the rock stands firm against the
gale.
Lo! their battery is silenced; but our iron sleet still showers;
They falter, halt, retreat—Hurrah, the glorious day is ours!

—*Albert Pike.*

THE BURIAL OF RINGGOLD.

We've mournfully laid him where Bravo's rude wave
Will murmur a dirge as it sweeps by his grave;
The wild prairie-flower, that blooms o'er his head,
Is wet with the tears that stern warriors shed;
And sadly we'll turn from the tomb of the slain,
And vengeance shall waken our war-cry again.

Ye men of Columbia! whose forefathers bled
On the proud field of fame where Washington led,
Their blood through our bosoms unsullied doth run,
Then firmly we'll grasp every sabre and gun,
As sternly we turn from the tomb of the slain,
And vengeance awakens our war-cry again.

O'er the grave of our hero we solemnly stand
And swear by the love of our dear native land,
To nerve every arm, that the Spaniard may feel
On his cowering head the full weight of our steel,
As sternly we turn from the tomb of the slain,
And vengeance awakens our war-cry again.

Farewell to thee, hero! sad Maryland's son!
Oh, soft be thy slumbers! the battle is won;
Thy proud steed is prostrate and bath'd in his gore,
The loud-pealing cannon shall rouse ye no more;
Now sternly we turn from the tomb of the slain,
And vengeance shall waken our war-cry again.

—*George Yellott.*

MONODY

On Herman S. Thomas, who fell at Monterey.

Hark! the roll of the muffled drum
Mournfully on the ear!
The soldiers' measured march! as they come
Bearing a warrior's bier.

When bold hearts dar'd the battle's storm
On heights of Monterey,
In the foremost ranks that stalwart form
Stood sternly 'mid the fray.

Though Freedom's starry banner then
O'er heroes' heads did wave,
He stood 'mid the hosts of gallant men,
"The bravest of the brave."

When, with fierce warrior's battle zeal
The serried ranks rush'd on,
He fell in the front, where flash'd his steel,
As the dark heights were won.

Farewell! but o'er thy soldier's grave
Death grimly brings no gloom;
There Glory's laurel shall proudly wave
In ever bright'ning bloom.

—*George Yellott.*

[Herman S. Thomas was a native of Harford county, Maryland. When the war with Mexico broke out he applied for a commission, but failing to obtain it he joined the Texan Rangers as a private, and fell sword in hand while storming the heights around Monterey, far in advance of his company. The author was long and intimately acquainted with him. Quiet and unassuming in his manners, there never lived a man of more dauntless courage or of nobler impulses.]

AN OLD-TIME MARYLAND SCHOOL [1838].

The school was but a quarter of a mile distant from home; but to our childish fancies it was so far that mother gratified us by putting up our dinners in a little basket. There was some nicely fried chicken on a little plate; then eight or ten large Maryland biscuit; then, nestling on one side carefully, a cup of nice, clear, strained honey, with paper tied over it to prevent spilling in case of accident; and a knife and spoon, topped off with three large gingercakes; and over all was tucked a snowy napkin. Only big Sister Retta could be entrusted with that precious basket, and Emma and I cast many interested glances towards it as, hand in hand, and bearing the books, slates and inkstand, with goose quills to make pens, we proudly marched along the winding highway, under the leafless branches of the great white oaks which bordered the farther side.

At last with a gathering group of expectant children, and youth of from five to twenty-one years of

age, we stood before the open door of the new schoolhouse. Not that the word new describes the house; very far from it; but the school was new. The schoolmaster was a new arrival in the neighborhood, and the house was newly and for the first time used for so noble a purpose. Will the reader believe it? The house was really a deserted negro cabin, that stood by the highway side, near Townsend's Cross Roads, three miles from Denton, the county town. For an area of twenty-five square miles between that town and the Delaware line, this was the only school, and this was started by a private subscription managed by my father. The Maryland law, at that time, liberally provided that if the people of a neighborhood would subscribe for the tuition of twelve scholars at five dollars each, then the State would furnish a like amount for the education of the same number of "charity scholars." There were no public provisions for school houses, and whether there was house or school, depended altogether upon the character of the population that, amid rural mutations, might happen to gather in any given neighborhood.

This new school and every school in that region for several years, was in a rented house. This particular house was built of logs, the interstices being filled with clay to keep out wind and rain. It was eighteen or twenty feet square, and about eight feet to the eaves; with a door front and back, each opening outwards. Midway between the doors and the north end where stood the chimney, at a convenient heighth, part of a log was sawed out, the aperture being filled with a three-light hanging window, which, as occasion required, could be propped up for ventilation.

Where the chimney stood was an aperture six feet wide and four feet high, into which the stone and mud walls of the fire-place were built to a heighth above where the blaze of the great log fire would usually reach; and above that point the flue was made of logs and sticks, liberally daubed within of clay. Though not one of the wonders of the world like the "Tower of Pisa" this chimney had yielded to northerly attractions until its centre of gravity had become endangered; and its former sable proprietor had prudently interposed the safeguard of a stout prop, thus holding the discouraged chimney to the performance of its duty. At the south end of the house, in order to adapt it to its use as a literary institution, almost an entire log had been removed. This aperture was covered by a wide board, fastened by hinges to the log above, and secured to that below by staple and hook. Like the sash before mentioned, this board was propped up to admit needed light and fresh air. Just below this aperture was the writing desk, extending across the room against the wall. Here, alternately, the girls and boys made pot hooks and hangers with their goose quill pens, after the pattern set by the teacher; and finally graduated to the distinguished accomplishment of being able to draw a note of hand or receipt for ten dollars, good and lawful money of the United States of America, and to affix thereto their own real, written signatures. The teacher "set the copies" during the noon hour; but made and mended pens at all hours, when they happened to be presented for that purpose. Hence the name still so commonly applied to the pocketknife. It was not unusual to see the teacher dividing his time and attention between a page of

Comly's spelling-book, where some sweating pupil was painfully struggling with the problems of orthography, and the quill he was slitting and whittling, meanwhile stealing an occasional moment for a furtive glance about the schoolroom, to see that there was no pinching or pin-sticking or snickering behind books or slates going on among the unruly urchins.

In addition to the so-called writing-desk, the furniture of this schoolroom consisted of a desk and chair for the teacher, and three or four slab benches across the end of the room, next the writing-desk. In cold weather a bench was set near the great fire-place, and was occupied by alternate platoons of the shivering scholars to thaw themselves out. Three formidable hickory rods, of varying size and length, adapted to the sex and size of the culprits; and a pretty, little, red maple switch, suited to the esthetic tastes and tender sensibilities of the smaller urchins, completed the outfit. The entire curriculum of our school was covered by the three cabalistic letters, R., R., R., understood to represent the three great sciences, Readin', Ritin' and 'Rithmetic. The three G's, Grammar, Geography and Geometry, had then scarcely been dreamed of as ever possible to be taught in a country school. It was not until several years after—not indeed until the renowned Chinquepin schoolhouse had been built, over a mile away, on the road to Punch Hall, that we ever heard of such a study as English Grammar or Geography. The primer, or rather a primer—for it mattered not what it was, so long as there were A, B, C's in it—was the text-book most in demand at Mr. Marshall's log cabin school.

—*Rev. Robert W. Todd, D. D.*

MARYLAND "DISTRICT SCHOOL" IN WINTER.

Shades of the "Grand old Masters,"
  Spooks of the "Bards Sublime,"
Come from the shadowy shadows
  To these modern halls of time,
And teach a weary mortal
  Some new, stupendous rules—
Some grand and sure specific
  For teaching "Winter Schools."

When boys, from the six-year-olders
  To boys with mustachios,
And girls in long-sleeved aprons
  To girls with bangs and bows (and beaux),
Are crowded, a mixed menagerie—
  A sort of human "zoo,"
Of various grades and tempers,
  And various things they know—(and don't know, mostly don't know).

And each must have the lessons
  That fill the busy day;
Even the little sinners
  That only want to play.
Ah! the hundred and one devices
  To keep them all in tune
Would fill the mystic measures
  Of a Scandinavian rune,

And puzzle the "Grand old Masters,"
  And vex the 'Bards Sublime,"
Till genius scarce could mutter
  A solitary rhyme!
Oh! teaching school in autumn
  Is not the worst of work;
And teaching school in springtime
  Doth not the soul so irk;

But spare me from the winter,
The winter, cold and drear,
And its multifarious gathering
Of children far and near.
And the old forgotten precepts
I taught a year ago,
Come back, a weary reflux
Of lessons dull and slow,
January, 1885. —*Amanda Elizabeth Dennis.*

STEADFASTNESS OF CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY.

It was, I was about to say, the sad mischance—but, in a higher though more painful sense, the privilege and fortune—of Chief Justice Taney to fill his place in times of revolution and unparalleled convulsion—when blood boiled in the veins of brethren, till it was red upon a million hands. In such a crisis, no man so conspicuous as he, and yet so bound to shun the rancor of the strife, could hope for freedom from distrust and challenge. A soul, brave and tenacious as his was—so sensitive to duty, and so resolute to do it—provoked injustice not to be appeased, and dared reproaches which he might not answer. His constitutional opinions were already part of the recorded jurisprudence of the country, and he could not change them because the tempest was howling. It was the conviction of his life that the government under which we live was of limited powers, and that its constitution had been framed for war as well as peace. Though he died, therefore, he could not surrender that conviction at the call of the trumpet. He had plighted his troth to the liberty of the citizen and the supremacy of the laws, and no man could put them asunder. Whatever

might be the right of the people to change their government, or overthrow it, he believed that the duty of the judges was simply to maintain the constitution, while it lasted, and, if need were, defend it to the death. He knew himself its minister and servant only—not its master—commissioned to obey and not to alter. He stood therefore in the very rush of the torrent, and, as he was immovable, it swept over him. He had lived a life so stainless that to question his integrity was enough to beggar the resources of falsehood and make even shamelessness ashamed. He had given lustre and authority, by his wisdom and learning, to the judgments of the supreme tribunal, and had presided over its deliberations with a dignity, impartiality and courtesy which elevated even the administration of justice. Every year of his labors had increased the respect and affection of his brethren and heightened the confidence and admiration of the profession which looked up to him as worthily its chief. And yet he died, traduced and ostracized, and his image was withheld from its place in the chamber which was filled already with his fame.

Against all this, the State of Maryland here registers her protest in the living bronze. She records it in no spirit of resentment or even of contention, but silently and proudly—as her illustrious son, without a word, committed his reputation to the justice of his countrymen. Nor doubts she of the answer that posterity will make to her appeal. Already the grateful manhood of the people has begun to vindicate itself and him. Already among those whose passion did him wrong the voices of the most eminent and worthy have been lifted, in confession of their own injustice and in manly

homage to his greatness and his virtues. Already the waters of the torrent have nearly spent their force and high above them, as they fall, unstained by their pollution and unshaken by their rage, stands where it stood, in grand and reverend simplicity, the august figure of the Great Chief Justice! —*Severn Teackle Wallis.*

ON THE CHESAPEAKE BAY.

I love to gaze upon the expansive bay,
And watch the lingering, rosy light of day,
Now o'er the deep blue waters slowly fade—
But yonder sail, in glittering pride arrayed,
Still long retains the glow of parting day—
Where sky and billows blend—they float away
As some huge snowy bird, of life possess'd,
They fearless skim o'er ocean's heaving breast.
On thy low shores, an inland sea widespread,
Flock feathered tribes, by wondrous instinct led,
Innumerous as the stars of yonder sky,
They sweep the wave and on its surface lie!
As rolling chariots sound their winged flight,
When swift from stunned ear, and aching sight,
They speed through air and mock the random shot.
Behold around the wide and level spot
Where fresh the sea reviving breezes blow,
And branching wide, the tufted cedars bow
Before the storm that loudly wakes the deep,
And surging waves that dash around the steep.
As if in chorus fierce, earth and heaven joined,
Whilst solemn echoes shake the trembling ground,
Hark! the full, deep-toned bass, as thunders loud
From rolling seas and lofty pines, wild sound—
Alone, in wintry storms I sought thy shore!
And often heard the wild, tempestuous roar.
But calm and sweet, as depth of heaven's own blue,
Oft at even's hour appeared thine azure hue.

—*Mrs. E. W. Foote Cheeves.*

WAR IN THE VALLEY OF CATOCTIN.

The sun was beaming with all his splendor upon the fertile fields of the Valley of the Catoctin. It was an ideal day in September and, but for the long lines of blue marching up from Middletown, one would not have thought that war was in the air. Alice came out of a bit of woodland and, mounting a great rock, looked over the scene below. She saw the whitened spires of Middletown glistening like upright spear points in the sun. Her bonnet had fallen from her head and her dark hair was streaming over her shoulders, a plaything for the wanton wind.

"It is war!" cried the young girl, pressing her hands to her forehead as if in agony. "They will surely meet on the mountain. The men in gray are behind me and yonder come the hosts in blue—their foes. God pity the brave souls who shall this day of days go down in battle. Oh, if this war could have been averted! but no! There is some great design in it all."

Just then a footstep sounded behind the girl on the rock, and she turned to face the old mountain witch, who had stolen upon her unperceived.

"What seest thou, child?" asked the old woman.

Alice, without reply, pointed to the sight in the lovely valley.

"You can see as well as I," she said at last.

The woman craned her neck forward and, shading her eyes with a pair of scrawny hands, gazed for a moment upon the marching regiments.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" she exclaimed in her shrill tones. "They are going to slay

each other in the mountain passes. The rocks shall become red and the hares shall flee affrighted from the wheels of the great guns."

"Then I must return," said the girl, drawing back. "I can remain here no longer."

"Wait, child," and the hand of Mother Grossnickle seized the fair watcher's arm. "Look at the sight. See how the army spreads over the Vale of Catoctin. This is war, girl! Yonder churches will soon be filled with the flotsam and jetsam of battle; men will die where hundreds have been born anew; their blood will drench the sacred altars of the Most High God. This is war! Look again, child. See how yonder banners wave. Tomorrow they will be rent with shot and shell. Perhaps yet today. And I shall go abroad over the field and laugh at the agonies of the enemy."

"No more! no more!" cried Alice, springing from the rock. "I will not listen. I have seen and heard enough. My heart is with the men down yonder—the men in blue. If my captain falls, then my heart is dead!"

With this the mountain girl bounded away, running like a startled fawn through the bushes, while the old witch, with a swift look after her, turned slowly and watched McClellan's army, whose burnished weapons reflected back the warm beams which the sun in his effulgence was casting into the region of the historic Catoctin.

—*T. C. Harbaugh.*

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to a wand'ring son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust—
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And gives a new Key to thy song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain—
"Sic semper!" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of thy soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

—*James Ryder Randall.*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustering spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep.

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall—

Over the mountains, winding down
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her threescore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shriveled the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night,

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! And let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of life and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

JACKSON IN FREDERICK.

To many people Barbara Frietchie and her flag are all that there is of Frederick, and I would not willingly play iconoclast to one of the few picturesque figures in our country's annals. But, although Barbara was quite capable of confronting a hostile host, the fact remains that "On that pleasant morn in the early fall" the Confederate army did not pass her house at all. Stonewall Jackson, thinking to call on his friends, the Presbyterian pastor and his wife, passed up Second street to the parsonage, but finding that he could not see them he wrote in his saddle a line of greeting, casually noting the hour under his name. Thus we know that at 5 A. M. he was leading his gray columns through a narrow way to the pike, leaving the creek and several houses between himself and the cottage of the old woman of whom he never heard, but whose name will forever be coupled with his own.

The day before the battle of South Mountain the Union troops did pass Barbara's house and the delighted old woman stood at the door, smiling and waving her little flag. General Reno, attracted by the venerable figure, stopped and asked her age. "Ninety-six." "Three cheers for ninety-six," he called, and so rode on to his death.

—*Mrs. Sara Andrew Shafer.*

A-FIGHTIN' WITH COLE.

That hoss! Why, yes, he's the knowin'est mind;
He knows Decoration an' Fourth of July.
An' w'enever the bugles, or things of that kind,
Comes 'round both his head an' his tail git up high,
An' he goes cavortin' in a way that'll win ye;
He knows the music. Why, Lord bless your soul!
We was together down there in Virginia;
Down in the Valley a-fightin' with Cole.

Ain't worth nothin'? No; he's too old for the plow,
Or the carriage, or such like. Just do for the boys,
The young ones, to climb on. That's all that he now
Amounts to, 'cept prancin' around at the noise
Of music an' guns. Would I sell him? Why, no;
No man's thousand dollars will ever come nigh him
While I've got a spot where that old hoss kin go
No fellow's got money enough to buy him.

Never heerd tell of Cole's fightin' battalion,
Maryland cavalry? Well, now, I declare!
We went in together, me an' that stallion,
Right from the farm—a lively young pair.
All through the Rebellion together we scouted,
At Winchester, Leesburg, Loudoun, a whole
Grist of fights, where sometimes we won—or was routed—
Down in the Valley a-fightin' with Cole.

We both belonged to blue-blood a'istoc'acy,
An' inclined to be wild, then, was Lion an' me,
So we skipped from our home here on the Monocacy
An' went in the fight for the flag of the free.
Excitement! We got enough. Many's the close call
We had. Why, the thought even now takes my breath.
Me an' that hoss, we went plumb through it all
An' came out all right from that cyclone of death.

The swish an' the swash an' the jinglin' of spurs,
The clang of the sabers, the carbine's dull rattle;
The rush an' the crush when the fierce charge occurs;
The mad, wild excitement of bloodshed an' battle;
The scout an' the bivouac, the long raid—what's in ye
Shows up when alone on a midnight patrol;
An' they showed they was men that was down in Virginia;
Down in the Valley a-fightin' with Cole.

Once, worn out, we stopped by the roadside a-sportin'
An' I went to sleep. I woke with a cry;
That hoss was a-lickin' my face an' a-snortin';
The boys had rode on an' the rebels was nigh.
I jumped in the saddle an' he was so glib he
Dashed off 'fore I fairly got fixed in my seat;
He knowed that for me it were leg it or Libby,
An' he knowed how to dust when we had to retreat.

Yes, we was together a-scootin' an' scoutin';
Sometimes we was comin', sometimes we was goin'.
One day it was Mosby's men doin' the routin',
Another to us their heels they was showin';
Dashin' an' fightin', you bet we was down there.
Me an' old Lion went in heart an' soul,
Ripe for the chase, charge or scrimmage we foun' there,
Down in the Valley a-fightin' with Cole.

One day up at Winchester we got surrounded;
The Johnnies was thick an' they charged like a storm;
Minie-balls whistled an' big hoss-guns pounded;
We had to hustle; you bet it was warm.
Three comes right at us, when Lion, he wheels,
Gits on his hindlegs an' paws, then comes down;
One I shot while he let fly with his heels,
Then we scooted off out of Winchester town.

There is the mark of the bullet that caught him,
Right on the flank, as we galloped away.
The rebs tried to down him, but they never come nigh him,
For he wasn't born to be killed by the gray.
Why, stranger, for truth I have nothin' to say,
But you can't git that hoss to save your soul;
Why, we was together down there in Virginia,
Down in the Valley a-fightin' with Cole.

—*Harry J. Shellman.*

HENRY WINTER DAVIS.

Mr. Davis conned his books as jealously as a miner searching for gold, and had not left a panful of earth unwashed. He had collected the poorest ore of truth and the richest comments of thought until he was able to crown himself with knowledge. Blessed with a felicitous power of analysis and a prodigious memory, he ransacked history, ancient and modern sciences, empirical and metaphysical; arts, mechanical and liberal; professional, law, divinity and medicine; poetry and the miscellanies of literature; and in these great departments of human lore he moved as easily as most men do in their particular province. His habit was not only to read, but to re-read the best of his books frequently, and he was continually supplying himself with better editions of his favorites. In current, playful conversation with his friends he quoted right and left, in brief and at length, from the classics, ancient and modern; and from the drama, tragic and comic. In his speeches, on the contrary, he quoted but little, and only when he seemed to run upon a thought already expressed by someone else with singular force

and appositeness. He was the best scholar I ever met for his years and active life and was surpassed by very few. His thesaurus was his head. At the time of his death he filled a high position at the bar, and was chosen to lead against the most distinguished of his brethren. On public and constitutional questions, as distinguished from those only involving private rights, he was a host, and in the argument of cases which grew out of the adoption of the new constitution of Maryland he won golden laurels, and drew extraordinary encomiums even from his opponents in that angry litigation. He was thoroughly read in the decisions of the federal courts, and especially in those defining constitutional principles.

Possessed of a mind of remarkable power, scope, and activity, with an immense fund of precious information ready to respond to any call he might make upon it, however sudden; wielding a system of logic formed in the severest school, and tried by long practice; gifted with a rare command of language and eloquence wellnigh super-human; and withal graced with manners the most accomplished and refined, and a person unusually handsome, graceful and attractive, Mr. Davis entered public life with almost unparalleled advantages. Having boldly presented himself before the most rigorous tribunal in the world, he proved himself worthy of its favor and attention. He soon rose to the front rank of debaters, and whenever he addressed the House all sides gave him delighted audience.

—*John A. J. Creswell.*

IDEAL OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

Maryland may be said to have originated the American idea of civil and religious liberty, which renders this Government and this Union distinct from all past and present nations, and which renders and has rendered this land the haven, the home and the sanctuary of the oppressed of all nations.

Take away from the American system of government this ideal of civil and religious liberty which is the cornerstone of the edifice, and the entire fabric would topple into the ruin of anarchy and desolation. The Union without this would lose all that commends it to the admiration of humanity.

That the inspiration of the Charter of Maryland, as well as the example of the Assembly of Maryland—the first one held after the Colonial Government was thrown off—in adopting a Bill of Rights which bestowed equal rights on all of the inhabitants of the State, was felt in the framing of the Declaration of Independence and subsequently in the construction of the Constitution of the United States cannot well be disputed by any impartial student of American history. It may be said, indeed, that Marylanders have not written enough on this point in the face of the fact that the disciples of the New England cult would have the world at large believe that the institutions of this country were not only founded, framed, established and defended by the inhabitants of that section of the United States, but that they would not be in existence at this day but for that section. While it is an indisputable fact that New England played a considerable and honorable part in the founding and

the development of our institutions, it cannot be claimed that it did all of the founding and the development.

As no other Colony can claim the ideal of perfect liberty as its own except Maryland, it is logical that to Maryland belongs the credit of having given that ideal to the United States, an ideal which has done more to draw the immigrant to our shores and to build up this country than any other which has been devised, conceived or put into practice in this land. Without the immigrant this country would be still in the main, aboriginal, despite all that may be said to the contrary. None of the other great ideals would have drawn a tithe of the people of Europe to our shores.

—*Denis J. Scully.*

TIME AND TO SPARE IN ANCIENT QUEEN ANNE'S.

Written for Frederic Emory, of "Blackbeard." May 27, 1898.

Once there was time and to spare in ancient Queen Anne's;
For the settler had settled, built was his house of hewn logs;
Cleared was his land, strong stored in strength the sleeping centuries had given,
That quick it would answer to planting with riotous crops;
And teeming with game were the woods; while fish and shell-fish
And terrapin, too, filled fatly the circumconfluent creeks;
And dotted with sails were the waters of broad-flowing Chester;
And neighbors were neighbors then, coming and going apace,
And rich was real wealth and—Time, there was Time and to spare.

But restless is life and the ocean of work in the world
Ever spreads with the oncoming years in a Christian land;
And Destiny urged, and the conquering strain in our English blood led;
So some moved out West; but others remained here as farmers.
Richer the fields of the West than were those of our home;
Greater the scope paying toll there to hamlet and prosperous town.
So founded out there were factories many, and businesses manifold flourished,
And here and there grew nerve-wearing efforts for the idol of cash,
And Easy Old Times were banished and Work—there was Work and to spare.
Hurry incessant was born and persisted with militant force;
"Rush" was the word and the lash that drove and still drives
With a generally comfortless scourge the normal American man,
And lost was the sweet working life that was mellow, colonial.
Gardens of comforting work were the old fields of thought
And of planting; so sweet and fruitful were they that again
Has the modern work-world sought them out and belauded them.
Nay! has invaded and won and now wears and blesses them,
And finds there is Time for Life's sake—and for Work, and to spare.
Thus have I told what of old there was to your knowledge,
Then of what happened to banish an Eden of Life.
And you! you are building the Old in the New, the New as of Old.
Long may our county, this kindly Queen Anne's, give you rest;
And "Blackbeard," may it bloom and give fruit like another "Bloomfield,"
While broad-flowing Chester shall flow to the Bay past your home,
A bright vision of peace, bearing message in ripple and sail,
That here there's sweet mixing of Work and of Time—and to spare.

—*DeCourcy W. Thom.*

OLD QUEENSTOWN.

Captain Henderson, riding back from Kent Island, halted at Queenstown for the night with his weary men. He was well acquainted with the little old village, the county town of long ago, from its one square church tower to the steep, wheelworn, bare hillside beyond the landing, with the drooping willow beside it. But he did not linger for old acquaintance' sake.

This was a favorite lounging place for tradition. Elder memories hung about it—Indian, Colonial, Revolutionary and of the second English war. Yonder oak in the outskirts overshadowed the grave of an Indian chief, disturbed inconsiderately for the sake of his glossy, black war-hatchet and pipe bowl, which he had vainly hoped to keep by him for enjoyment in another world. On yonder slope the British boy-captain was shot out of his saddle from an ambuscade, and his cavalrymen carried him back from the "battle of Queenstown," with little further skirmishing, to their camp beside the early Colonial Kent Island church that they had turned into a stable, so ending the only invasion of the mainland of Queen Anne's county in any war.

—*William H. Babcock.*

CLAIBORNE.

The long, lower tongue of Kent Island, with a wide-winged, antiquated brick house on it, lay warm and level in the broad glint of the bay. In far earlier times—for the first settlement of all this region was made on the "Isle of Kent"—the name of Kent Fort

Manor had been given, along with the grant from the Lord Proprietary or the Crown, and it clings even yet. The land of the "Manor" is mainly open, but with a tuft of pines at the point and almost a forest well above, where the island widens. You can see by a map that there is a considerable area.

It is a place for dreams of old romance, figures out of the past that dimly come and go—Puritans, Jesuits and sea-rovers, painted "Kings of the Mattapeakes," cattle reivers banqueting in "hugger mugger," as old writings tell us, under the pine-tree shadows, the armed island pinnace putting forth to do battle against Lord Baltimore with young Ratcliff Warren in command, first victim of American civil war.

That was the beginning of a long struggle which has grown almost mythical with lapse of years, and their greater happenings, yet leaves to us one figure of strong and salient outlines—"Claiborne the rebel," a fanatic in his own cause, wonderfully versatile in expedient, vehement, aggressive, tenacious, and, above all, unforgetting.

The fight went not all against him, though it ended so. He repeatedly gained possession of his island, which he claimed both by prior settlement and earlier grant. Once, at least, with allies, he seized also on the mainland, driving the Calverts quite over into Virginia. It did not last, but his Protestant friends were soon up again, fighting the small, decisive battle of Annapolis, and Parliament soon placed him in control again. Only the Restoration and the siding of King Charles with Lord Baltimore brought final discomfiture and despair.

—*William H. Babcock.*

THE VALE OF DULANY.

. . . And thou,
My native vale, hath ever been unsung,
Yet may thy beauties vie with those whose names
Are blazon'd forth by fame's obstreperous trump,
As may the gem, that sparkles 'neath the deep,
Unknown to aught save sylphs' delighted gaze,
With that which glitters on the lily hand
Of lovely lady in the lighted hall.

Winter late rul'd, and from the icy North
The angry Boreas came on frozen wings,
Tumultuous rushing o'er the level mead,
While at his voice each stream grew mute with fear,
And in the zone of silence bound its joys;
And panting zephyrs shrunk in chill dismay,
And spread their pinions for the genial South;
And where, 'mid yon blue rocks now swiftly rolls
The noisy river on its foamy way,
The wild duck scarcely found a place to lave;
And o'er each snow-crown'd hill the wrestling winds
Did howl like wrathful spirits as they pass'd,
And shook the ice-balls from the shivering trees—
Yet thou wert lovely still, my native vale.
But now young Spring comes from the balmy South,
Attended by sweet music and the birds,
And strews thy meadows green with fragrant flowers,
Woo'd by the gilded humming-birds that float,
Like living gems, upon th' enamor'd air;
And thy unfetter'd fountains pour their streams,
Like molten amber, through th' enamel'd meads,
While from their lucid depths the spangled trout
Exulting leaps and courts the beaming sun,
And all around is melody and mirth;—
And thou, even to the cold and careless gaze
Of stranger's eye, hast more than common charms;—
But oh! to me bright Fancy oft hath said,
Some blooming vale in the Elysian land,
Whose happy souls feed on th' immortal breath
Of odors fresh from beds of amaranth,

Serv'd as the beautiful ideal form
From which thy loveliness was fashion'd forth.
Each hill, each field, each stream, each lonely tree,
That beautifies thy matchless scenes hath been
A friend and a companion to my soul;—
In boyhood's halcyon hours my spirit gaz'd
Upon thy scenery and was thence imbued
With feelings deep and strong;—and Poesy,
Mother of proud and independent thoughts,
Became the dweller of my breast, and bid
Me scorn the gross and meaner things, that keep
The grovelling crowd forever in pursuit,
And turn aside in loneliness and be
A constant worshipper at Nature's shrine;—
And for this boon thou'lt ever have my praise
My native vale, Dulany's lovely vale.

—*George Yellott.*

THE GUNPOWDER RIVER.

Gunpowder, fairest of the streams that glide
Thro' vales of verdure to the eastern tide!
Thy glassy waves inverted pictures show,
And all that smiles above is seen below;
The broad-leafed woodbine round the maple twined,
The mist careering on the viewless wind;
The waving verdure and the nodding flowers,
The trembling foliage and the blooming bowers—
Each songster wild that cleaves the upper air
Is seen below as sprightly and as fair.
In the still reign of shadow-loving night,
The pale, round Moon, Earth's lone satellite,
Is softly mirrored in thy crystal breast,
In all her sweetness—all her beauty dressed;
In thy pure flood, bright, glowing Taurus swims,
And giant Orion bathes his awful limbs—
Yet all these wondrous, rolling planets glow
Less bright in Heaven than they shine below.

—*Michael A. McGirr.*

THE OLD MULBERRY TREE AT ST. MARY'S.

On the State House Square, about seventy feet distant [from the State House] stood the historic "Old Mulberry" tree, under whose broad, spreading branches the first colonists of Maryland assembled, and under which also traditionary history says the first mass at St. Mary's was celebrated and the treaty between Governor Calvert and the Yaocomico Indians was made. Of this venerable tree, whose mass of foliage continued for two hundred years afterward to crown the State House promontory, it is further recorded that "on it were nailed the proclamations of Calvert and his successors, the notices of punishments and fines, the inventories of debtors whose goods were to be sold, and all notices calling for the public attention." Within comparatively recent years, even, curious relic hunters were able to pick from its decaying trunk the rude nails which there held the forgotten State papers of two centuries and more ago.

This aged tree had watched over the city in its infancy; in its development and prosperity, and in its pride and glory, as the metropolis of Maryland; it had seen it stripped of its prestige and its honors, and lose its importance and its rank; it had witnessed its battle with adversity and its downfall and decline, and it had mourned the departure of nearly every symbol of its existence and memorial of its glory, which, under the winning game of time, had one by one, faded and passed away; and still it stood—stood as a "silent sentinel of time, whose watchword is death"—stood "daily distilling the dews of Heaven" upon the sacred ground around it—stood, sheltering the generations of men who were buried beneath its luxuriant

shade—stood telling the story of the first Capital of Maryland, and marking the spot where once it was—stood until 1876, when, like the almost forgotten City—the companion of its prime—its time-worn and shattered trunk laid down to rest. —*James W. Thomas.*

SONNETS.

ST. JOHN'S, ANNAPOLIS.

'Tis strange that we should wander all alone,
And muse upon the sunny days gone by,
When Hope was spanning with her bow the sky,
And every wind breathed a familiar tone,
And every eye with recognition shone,
While Fancy did on golden pinions fly
'Mid scenes that seemed too bright to droop or die,
Nor sky, nor earth, nor forms beside our own.
But ah! 'tis not more strange than it is true,
That we who walk the classic grounds today,
And gaze upon the same bright drops of dew
That sparkle where we once did sportive play,
Will find but little left to greet us here,
Save faded garlands and the heart's warm tear.

ANNAPOLIS.

Annapolis! how beautiful art thou!
The sweetest, fairest spot on earth to me.
No rival can the palm dispute with thee,
Or wrest the laurel from thy aged brow,
Or rob thee of thy children's plighted vow.
What other sky in hue can softer be,
What bluer wave can glimmer o'er the lea,
Than lend to thee their soft enchantment now?
Thou art not richer in thy trees and flowers
Than in the sons thou to the world hast given,
Whose names are wafted on the dewy hours,
In deathless echoes, through the vault of heaven.
Nor Greece nor Rome can boast a fairer name,
Or circle earth with brighter belt of fame.

ST. JOHN'S, AFTER FORTY YEARS' ABSENCE.

The friends I love no longer roam with me,
I tread alone the now deserted hall,
And pluck the ivy from the moss-grown wall,
Subdued and saddened by the change I see.
There stands the noted, grand old tulip tree,
Which did refreshing shade afford to all,
Whose footsteps did in echoes gently fall
Where every sound was tuned to melody.
'Twas but the other day I sauntered where
I loved to linger, long, long time ago.
The tree, dismembered, still is standing there,
The Severn glides along in tranquil flow;
But ah! the loved ones, they are sleeping now,
Death's icy signet is upon their brow.

THE OLD POPLAR AT ANNAPOLIS.

Oh! I remember well the tulip tree,
Beneath whose overhanging boughs, at eve,
I loved to sit and golden visions weave,
When hope was painting scenes so bright for me,
And every leaflet moved to melody.
I never dreamed those visions could deceive,
Or disappointment could a shadow leave
Upon a heart so buoyant and so free.
I hear the south wind, as it breathed that night,
When I reclined beneath the soothing shade;
But ah! the forms have faded from my sight,
Which once, with me, beneath that old tree played.
The stalwart branches hover in their might,
While I remain confounded and dismayed.

—*Rt. Rev. William Pinkney, D. D.*

TULIP POPLAR ON ST. JOHN'S CAMPUS.

Far up among your massive, rugged limbs,
Quivering upon your myriad, shining leaves,
The moon-light falls, the night-wind sings its hymns;
And there in visions fancy soars and weaves.
That music tuned the poet-soul of Key;

That light touched Pinkney's tongue with deathless fire;
And here Peale felt the artist's ecstasy,
But there are other voices in that choir
Of whispering boughs and leaves that lure us from today,
Back through the bygone centuries, far, far away.

They seem to sing: "'Neath us the wild deer fed;
The wood grouse drummed his call at early dawn;
The black bear roamed; the red man made his bed;
Ages before Columbus hailed the morn,
Which gave assurance that a world was born.
This lofty head, o'erlooking land and bay,
Saw the frail boat from Jamestown's camp forlorn,
That first explored these shores, and knew the day
When Claiborne came and named and claimed yon *Isle of Kent*;
Years, years before St. Marie's colonists were sent."

You were a witness, venerable tree!
Could you recall and speak, you could relate
A tale of rich, romantic history,
Linked with this city's and this Nation's fate.
The little band of Puritans, whom hate
And slavery of conscience forced to flee,
Who hither came—the year that freemen date,
In mother-land, the death of tyranny—
Here, in this safe, secluded spot, you heard them raise
To their Preserver solemn hymns of grateful praise.

You saw the naval fight with Claiborne's men
Across this bay; the battle fought near-by
'Twixt Puritans and Cavaliers, and then
The long, long struggle for the mastery.
Here came the seat of State and luxury;
Colonial wit and beauty, and the grand
Old sages, warriors, men of history,
Instinct with liberty, a chosen band,
Who took this people firmly by their willing hand,
And led them through the deserts to the promised land.

All these you knew full well, majestic friend!
They saw you, knew you, and imbibed your power;
Their children's children bless and watchful tend
Your lusty age, and shield in danger's hour
The tree that shelter gave, in sun and shower,
To heroes in four wars—camped on your green—
To Washington and heart-linked chiefs, who tower,
Serenely great, removed from all things mean;
Like your stupendous trunk, triumphant o'er the scene
Of vanished comrades, ages, races, which have been.

—*J. Wirt Randall.*

A SONNET.

To an Old Tree near St. John's College. By a Gentleman of Annapolis.

Thee, ancient Tree! Autumnal storms assail,
Thy shattered branches spread the sound afar;
Thy tall head bows before the rising gale,
Thy pale leaf flits along the troubled air;
No more thou boastest of thy vernal bloom,
Thy withered foliage glads the eye no more;
Yet still thy presence, and thy lonely gloom,
A secret pleasure to my soul restore.
For round thy trunk my careless childhood play'd,
When Fancy led me cheerful o'er the green,
And many a frolic feat beneath thy shade,
Far distant days and other suns have seen.
Fond recollection kindles at the view,
And acts each long-departed scene anew.

ON THE WORCESTER COAST.

Rainbows along the strand,
And whitecaps out at sea!
And over the gleaming sand,
Between the waves and the land,
In the setting sun rode he.

It had tangled its gold in his hair
  That the ocean breezes blew;
Like the forms of a finer air
  The hovering white-wings flew;
And around him, unaware,
  The world into beauty grew.

. . . . . .

Lifted the light from the shore,
  Lifted the light from the sea;
And it freighted with golden ore
  The clouds that were floating free;
And it touched with an angry tinge
  The long and ominous fringe
  That was steadily sweeping on,
    Like a host on a doomed town.
  Then they faded, one by one;
    And the shadows settled down.
From the tower behind him far
Outshone a new-born star;
And an answering vivid gleam
Broke in a branching stream
  From the great cloud's deepening frown;
Then, in the crash and the roar,
The wild wind swept the shore,
  And the night and the storm had begun.

. . . . . .

Peace in the ancient village
  Of many-bowered Berlin,
  From the sound of the surf shut in
By miles of woodland and tillage;
Reaching its winding arms,
  Whose leafy canopies
  Flutter with every breeze,
To the heart of the circling farms;
A fragrance in all the air
  From a hundred gardens blown,
And sunflecks everywhere
  In wavering kisses thrown!

. . . . . .

—*William H. Babcock.*

THE ARK AND THE DOVE.

"O Captain, my Captain!" the ruddy look-out cried
"God's glory lies before us who seek the golden tide;
By old Balboa's spirit and by all seamen brave
The rose is in the spring wind and the wind is on the wave;
I know the wildgrape's odor, and yonder, by my doom,
I spy a golden river and a land of golden bloom!"

"O Captain, my Captain!" the weary helmsman cried,
"I mind me of the storm-wind that rode the ocean tide;
The Dove put back to Scilly to patch her shattered beam—
Pray now we near the harbors of the tide of golden dream!
By Cortez and De Leon, 'tis true, praise God, 'tis true,
The shore is off our quarter and the skies of spring are blue!"

Why, then three hundred hearts beat, and then three hundred throats
Rang out the golden chorus with its waveward echoed notes,
And down the bay-tide rolling, and o'er the ripples' crest
The Dove o'erheard the echo and a great hope filled its breast—
Then glory to the pinnace, and glory to her mate,
Twin Argonauts of Freedom on the golden tide of Fate!

"O Captain, my Captain, strange joy is on the sea,
The spirit of the springtime wanders down the rosy lea;
The wide-mouth river beckons, the wooded reaches call;
Fold sail and drift to harbor while the painted anchors fall!"
The voice was of the shipmates, and the Captain heard and laid
His courses for the islands of the sweet dream God had made.

With bended knee they landed, with cross of rugged girth,
They planted it deep-rooted in the New World's bloom-clad earth;
They met the wild Algonquin and returned his savage grace
With laughter and with loving and with smile upon the face;
"O Captain, my Captain," they cried, "here on this strand
God's glory to our sovereign, and God's grace to Mary's land!"

In springs of softest shadow, in dawns of softest rose,
Through all the tides that wander where the broad Potomac flows,
Two little ships of phantom sail upward unto me
From out the golden mornings of the springtime of the sea:
"O Captain, my Captain!" the phantom lookout cries,
And, "Captain, my Captain," the rose-sweet wind replies.

Two little ships of phantom, long baffled but upborne
By voices calling "freedom" from the New World's rosy morn;
Bowed knees beside the crossbeam, and hearts with faith aflame,
As they knelt to dream of glory in the land of Mary's name;
"O Captain, my Captain!" dear Argonauts, ye rest,
But the flame ye lit for freedom burns today in every breast!

"O Captain, my Captain!" the ruddy look-out cried,
"God's glory lies before us who seek the golden tide!"
God's glory was before them, and on the sea was love—
Sail on, O daring pinnace, with your little consort Dove!
The rose is in the spring wind, the wind is on the wave,
And the world still lays its lilies on the white brows of the brave!

—*Folger McKinsey.*

CHARACTER OF GEORGE CALVERT.

We may say, in addition, that he was characterized not less by the politic management than by the vigor with which he prosecuted his designs. Considering the difficulties in his way, nothing but greatest tact and judgment could have conducted his plan of the Maryland settlement to a prosperous conclusion. His address in the contest with Virginia, evidenced by his complete success, gives us a high opinion of his fitness for public affairs. The enterprise shown by him in the defence of "Avalon;" his perseverance and prompt-

ness in bringing his Maryland scheme into action; his personal labors in both of these colonies impress us most favorably with a respect for his courage, his energy, and his skill in the management of men. The posts which he filled, and his position and conduct in Parliament, the favor and esteem he seems always to have inspired, demonstrate his ability, as well as his prudence, and give us reason to infer an amiable, well bred and affable disposition; the character of the government he established in Maryland, and the just sentiments with which he seems to have inspired his son, and the lavish expenditure which he, doubtless, both authorized and provided before his death, attest his liberal views of the rights of conscience, his generosity and his zeal in the cause of colonization.

He was eminently fitted for his undertaking by the circumstances in which he lived. Although we have no reason to believe that he was a very ardent or zealous follower of his faith, but, on the contrary, moderate in that as in all other matters of opinion and conduct, yet, to a certain extent, he had been schooled in adversity—not the adversity of want, or disfavor—but in that adversity which a lofty spirit equally feels, the proscription, namely, of himself, his kindred and friends, for maintaining a faith to which his judgment and conscience attached him. Persecution and intolerance of his own particular religious opinions taught him, what they always teach upright minds, the practice of the opposite virtues; and they brought him to true appreciation of that nobleness of character which cherishes freedom of opinion as one of the highest prerogatives of a rational being. In this respect Calvert was in advance of his age. There was ever before him a daily

admonition of the necessity of reserve, prudence and humility, from which he drew a wise man's profit. The bitter intolerance which was, in his time, more or less characteristic of every religious sect—almost the universal fashion of opinion, spread itself with peculiar acrimony in England against those of his creed. It furnished him a daily topic of meditation, and so chastened his feelings toward mankind. "It is the method of charity"—says Sir Thomas Browne—"to suffer without reaction"—this affords us the key to those virtues which appear so conspicuous in the frame and administration of the Maryland Colony, and which have drawn forth so much commendation from historians.

—*John Pendleton Kennedy.*

TERRA MARIAE.

Terra Mariae—the land blossomed over
With crimson and white of the honey-sweet clover,
Orchards in valley and vine on the hill,
Bays full of oysters and trout in the rill,
Corn in the tassel, and, oh, the tall wheat
Breaking in billows of gold at thy feet!
Terra Mariae—the land of our leal,
Our hands to thy cause and our hearts to thy zeal!

Terra Mariae—the land of our birth,
Green dream of the wonder and beauty of earth;
Wild fowl, and sea food, and game on the wing,
And lilacs and roses in lanes of the spring;
Mountains that lift to the blue sky their crest
Over the deep-fruited glades of the West;
Plains sweeping down to the wave-wrinkled strand
Of Talbot's sweet rivers and Worcester's white sand!

Cities of progress and towns of delight,
Living the creed: It is best to live right!
Grace of fair women, and courtly, fine men,
Living the cavalier over again;
Pride in old families, where chivalry grows
As sweet as the lilac, as soft as the rose,
Exhaling the fragrance of romance and bloom
Time wafts from the ottos of ancient perfume!

Terra Mariae—the land we adore,
Sweet honeysuckle abloom by the door,
Laurel and dogwood and wild columbine,
Stately oak woodlands and forests of pine;
Paw-paw and hawberry, nuts in the burr,
'Possums for pastime and muskrats for fur;
Buckwheat and barley in glades where the bee
Reaps harvests of honey to hide in the tree!

Terra Mariae—oh, homeland to me
From dream days in childland of lighthearted glee,
Blest be thy daughters and blest be thy sons,
Blest be the tide of thy beauty that runs
In bloom of the valleys and breath of the bay,
As sweet as the apple-bloom glory of May!
God guide the ship of thy fortune and fate,
Guard thee from plunder and save thee from hate!

—*Folger McKinsey.*

FATHER WHITE IN THE POTOMAC.

Having now arrived at the wished for country, we allotted names according to circumstances. And, indeed, the Promontory, which is toward the South, we consecrated with the name of St. Gregory (now Smith Point), naming the northern one (now Point Lookout), St. Michael's, in honor of all the angels. Never have I beheld a larger or more beautiful river. [Potomac.]

The Thames seems a mere rivulet in comparison with it; it is not disfigured with any swamps, but has firm land on each side. Fine groves of trees appear, not choked with briers or bushes and undergrowth, but growing at intervals as if planted by the hand of man, so that you can drive a four-horse carriage wherever you choose, through the midst of the trees. Just at the mouth of the river, we observed the natives in arms. That night, fires blazed through the whole country, and since they had never seen such a large ship, messengers were sent in all directions, who reported that a *Canoe*, like an island, had come with as many men as there were trees in the woods. We went on, however, to Heron's Islands, so called from the immense number of these birds. The first island we came to we called St. Clement's Island, and as it has a sloping shore, there is no way of getting to it except by wading. Here the women, who had left the ship to do the washing, upset the boat and came near being drowned, losing also a large part of my linen clothes, no small loss in these parts.

—*Rev. Andrew White, S. J.*

THE EMBLEM OF TRANQUILITY.

'Tis said the Gods lower down that Chain above
That tyes both Prince and Subject up in Love,
And if this fiction of the Gods be true,
Few, Mary-Land, in this can boast but you;
Live ever blest, and let those Clouds that do
Eclipse most States be always Light to you;
And dwelling so you may forever be
The only Emblem of Tranquility.

—*George Alsop,*

LANDHOLDING IN THE COLONY.

Under that mild form of feudal polity, which from the first prevailed in Maryland, our ancestors held their lands as a gift from the Proprietary, bore a willing allegiance, and paid a very small rent. Their title, indeed, for all practical purposes, was equivalent to fee-simple. A little tract of land was given to each emigrant; and an additional quantity for every person he had brought, or subsequently transported. Tracts of one thousand acres and upwards were erected into manors, under the Proprietary, with the right given to lords of these limited territories to hold courts-baron and courts-leet. And we have recorded evidence of the fact, that upon St. Gabriel's and St. Clement's it was exercised. The Lord Proprietary also, who held the whole Province, by fealty of the English crown, pledged himself to deliver every year "On Tuesday, in Easter week," at the royal castle of Windsor "two Indian arrows," and a fifth of "all the gold and silver" which might be "found."

The government in every essential particular was a monarchy. Of this the charter is sufficient evidence. It is true, the Proprietary was a subject of the English crown, but under the feudal state of society, it was not unusual for one prince to hold his territory of another. But no powers were ever exercised with more substantial regard for the welfare of the colonists, and practical liberty did exist, at the very foundation of the colony.

—*George Lynn-Lachlan Davis.*

DECOURCY'S RIDE.

Early in the Revolutionary War Albert DeCourcy began to raise a company for that renowned Maryland regiment which was the first in the Continental Army to cross bayonets with the British, and which had so noble yet so tragic a history. It was almost wholly composed of young men from the better class of planters—recruits who had been trained from boyhood to the use of weapons and exercise in the open air, and whose personal daring was re-enforced by patrician pride and the long habit of command. Such men were sorely needed in the unequal struggle then opening, so it was not long before the First Regiment was called away northward . . . Noting the retrograde movement that followed the ruinous defeat on Long Island, we all ought to remember the Spartan-like stand made by five companies of the First Maryland Regiment, under Lord Stirling, when there was not another man remaining in arms under the American colors, and two British armies strove to overwhelm them in order to reach the fugitives who struggled through the bog behind. Five successive times these four hundred young men, who had never been in action before, dashed on the veterans of Cornwallis as they came up, regiment after regiment. At the sixth, by a desperate effort, they had almost driven the enemy from their position, when Grant's ten regiments, previously held in check, came down from behind and overwhelmed them in a frightful death struggle. But before it ended the sacrifice had accomplished its object—the last of the fugitives had es-

caped. The five companies of Marylanders were almost annihilated..

One of these had been commanded by "Dashing" DeCourcy, and, as usual, he had been true to his nickname. None had penetrated farther than he at each charge, and when the final ruin came he was the leading spirit of a score who cut their way frantically toward the creek in the rear. Less than a dozen reached it, and more than half of these sank forever in the quagmire, either clogged and drowned or shot down by bullets from the bank. The five survivors noted dismally that Captain DeCourcy was not among them, yet it was certain that he had been seen on the farther shore with the rest. Doubtless some stagnant pool, blotched with lily pads, held that noble form and that kind, light heart. At last the direful story of his death was borne back to Bohemia Manor. But "Dashing" DeCourcy was by no means really dead. As he leaped into the water among the plashing bullets a comrade, receiving one of the latter, fell, seriously wounded, at his side. With characteristic self-forgetfulness the young captain snatched up his helpless friend, and, holding him high aloft, struggled onward as best he could through the mire. The enemy could easily have shot him from the bank, but it was hardly possible not to be touched by such unselfish gallantry following such surpassing prowess. Perhaps it was to save the burdened man from sinking in the quicksand-like marsh, rather than for the poor pleasure of adding one more to their list of prisoners, that some half a dozen of the strongest soldiers rushed in after him. When overtaken he was too much exhausted to make any great resistance. So they speedily bore

him back to the shore again. Those of his party who witnessed the short fight in the water never reached the opposite side. . . .

When DeCourcy found that there was nothing more to be done he reverted to his natural frank good humor, consoling himself with jests which quite charmed his captors. More than one of their officers declared that it was a shame for such a fine fellow to be a rebel. Indeed, a commission in his Majesty's service was once suggested, but DeCourcy's good humor vanished in a moment. Month after month passed by, and the number of captives dwindled without any prospect of release. Exchange was long impossible, for the patriot cause was at its lowest ebb. The victories of Trenton and Princeton, by placing some hundreds of prisoners in Continental hands, offered at length a glimmer of hope; but DeCourcy, like many others, found that hope a delusion.

At last there came tidings which sounded like a reprieve from gradual death. He was to be removed the very next day to a new prison on the banks of the Delaware. He could hardly believe what his ears told him. Once more he would bathe himself in the warm sunlight, inhale the fresh air of heaven, look on the waving fields of grain, feel the firm earth beneath his feet, and know that he was within a score of miles of his home. The very thought made a living man of him again. The reality brightened him at once into something like the "Dashing" DeCourcy of yore. "Twenty miles—less," he would say to himself. "Yes, we should make it in considerably less if I only had my horse, black Cecil, here, and those walls away."

But even while he turned, his eyes fell on the very black Cecil which was uppermost in his mind. Some of the soldiers were leading the horse through the gate sorely against his will. . . .

"We are both of us prisoners now, Cecil," said he. "However, I am right glad to see you again, old fellow." The horse responded with caresses as best he could.

"If the wall were not so high, DeCourcy, and the ditch so wide, and the abatis so broad and thick, I don't know that I should trust you and that black Pegasus together," said the major.

DeCourcy laughed lightly. "Handkerchief-picking is much easier," he answered.

It was necessary, first of all, to be quite sure of his seat in the saddle and the action of his horse, for intermission of practice breeds lack of confidence, and lack of confidence often means failure. The greater part of the enclosure had already been cleared, fortunately leaving quite unoccupied the part where he meant to make his exit. In the space thus formed he took two or three turns, at gradually increasing speed, with the view of limbering both his horse and himself to their work. Then with a quick chirrup he flew swiftly round. As he passed the handkerchief, he swooped suddenly down, with outstretched hand, narrowly missing it.

"Next time!" called DeCourcy, as he sped round like a whirlwind. At this trial he seemed to fling himself headlong from the tall black. Only a hand and a foot remained in sight above the saddle. But as he regained his seat, the handkerchief was lifted high above his head.

The applause that followed was furious. Even the sentries set down their weapons to clap their hands and cheer. The next instant they regretted their enthusiasm. With no great slackening of speed, the black had changed his direction a little and shot to the crown of the rampart. For an instant he stood there, with spreading limbs, horse and man together seeming a colossal equestrian statue in bronze outlined against the sky; then, before a musket could be brought to bear, they leaped outward, apparently into space.

For a moment surprise held the garrison fixed; then there was a sudden rush to the spot. But it came too late. The calculation had been made exactly, and as exactly fulfilled. Cecil's iron forejoints and sinews had stood the fearful strain that had been put upon them, and he and his master were now nearing the woods at a lightning pace. There was no time to do more than send a random volley after the fugitive, to which DeCourcy responded by waving his handkerchief souvenir toward the fort as he turned in his saddle, with a clear, merry whoop of triumph.

He gave little thought to pursuit. He knew that he was riding for life or death, or perhaps worse ills than the latter; and though his heart bled for his faithful Cecil, he grudged every necessary slackening of their headlong speed. He dashed crashing between tree and trunks and through the densest thickets wherever he could save a turn of the road; he plunged without a thought into freshet-swollen streams; he leaped every fence that came in his way. As he clattered down the streets of quiet hamlets, the small negroes came running up barefooted from by-ways

to look after that strange man . . . Suddenly there came a great rush outside, and horse and man halted together in the open doorway, like an apparition from another world. There was, indeed, much in them both to foster the idea. The agonized eyes of black Cecil; his foam-mottled chest, heaving flank and blood-snorting nostrils; the gaunt, wild-eyed face of the rider; his long, tangled hair and tattered disorder of apparel—all these combined to make up an unearthly picture. With them came a hoarse, breathless cry from lips which all recognized as those of the dead: "Look to yourselves! The British! The British!" No wonder the women sank fainting, or burst into screams, on every side, while strong men stood frozen with bewilderment and fear. . . .

There was no attack upon Bohemia Manor. The first few straggling troopers saw good reason to wait until the main body came up, and before the latter were prepared to assail so strong a position rumors arrived that a party of countrymen were gathering to oppose their return.

—*William H. Babcock.*

THE PATAPSCO.

My own—my native river,
Thou flashest to the day—
And gatherest up thy waters
In glittering array;
The spirits of thy bosom
Are waking from their rest,
And O! their shouts are banishing
Sad feelings from my breast.

. . . . . .

The prancing of thy sunlit waves
Beneath the feathery spray—
How beautiful to witness them
In revelry and play!
But see! some secret signal now
Invites them to the main,
And, calm behind, before the wind
They gallop out again.

Away! away! to their bright homes
Exultingly they leap,
Their joyous glances lingering
On tower, tree and steep;
A bright look to their Southern Queen—
A parting melody—
A shout to yonder banner,
Guardian angel of the free.

A farewell to the barks they bore
Back to their native home—
A glance at the declining sun,
Which gilds their parting foam—
A song to yon "historic ground,"
Where freedom's martyrs sleep;
And now those lovely wanderers
Are out upon the deep.

. . . . . .

Bold river! Noble river!
How many tales thou hast!
Though of all the savage legends
Which lie within thy breast,
Alas! there is no trace that can
Their annals e'er proclaim,
Save one which is thy history
And monument—thy name.

. . . . . .

So soft, so clear, so beautiful,
That even the clouds we see,
So lovely in their native blue,
More lovely are in thee;
For with affection's holiest smile
The heavens illume thy tide,
Thou glory of thy happy sons,
Their blessing and their pride!

—*Charles Soran.*

BY THE GREAT CHOPTANK RIVER.

Oh, river! vast, throbbing river,
Thy course to and fro, day and night,
Is the pulse that respondeth ever
To the heart of the Infinite.
And I sit by thy margin thinking—
As the evening shadows fold,
And the gorgeous sun is sinking
In unspeakable tints of gold—
That as in the ancient story,
From the patriarch's pillow of stone,
I can see the great pathway to glory,
And the angels that pass thereon;
I can hear in the waters rushing
The token that God is nigh,
'Tis the hem of His garment brushing
In resistless grandeur by.
And my heart calleth out in its fullness,—
"Surely this is the place of His feet;"
And I supplicate here in the stillness,
Where the sands and the waters meet.

—*J. F. Gelletly.*

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S GRAVE.

Chill the nook beside the barren street,
Walled from man, but open to the sky.
O'er the stone the cloudy shadows fleet;
Clings the mist, a pallid winding-sheet;
Death and life have met eternally.
Still the pageant troops before his eye
Who abode in starlit mystery.
Wayward spirit of the haunted glen,
Tuneful wanderer of the midnight blast,
Doomed awhile to dwell with mortal men,
Singing phantom kindred as they passed.
Airy harp with notes beyond our ken,
Subtle, pure, our one unearthly pen,
Come what may, the foremost and the last.

—*William H. Babcock.*

MARYLAND VILLAGE IN MOONLIGHT.

. . . In distance away,
Rolled the foam-crested waves of Chesapeake Bay,
While bathed in the moonlight the village was seen,
With the church in the distance, that stood on the green.
The soft-sloping meadows lay brightly unrolled,
With their mantles of verdure and blossoms of gold;
And the earth in her beauty, forgetting to grieve,
Lay asleep in her bloom on the bosom of eve.

. . . . . .

The time is long past, yet how clearly defined
That bay, church and village float up on my mind;
I see amid azure the moon in her pride,
With the sweet little trembler that sat by her side,
I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along,
Leap up in their gladness and sing her a song.

—*Amelia B. Welby.*

THE SIRES OF SEVENTY-SIX.

The chain that links the free to other years—
Remembered years of danger and of blood,
Remains unsevered; yet among us move
Like suns amid the systems of the skies—
Points of attraction for the wondering throngs,
A few of those who periled life and fame,
And nobly dared the thunderbolts of war,
To wrest a nation from a tyrant's grasp.
Their eyes looked on the Revolution's smoke—
They saw the starry banner of the free
Waving in beauty amid the battle's blaze,
And heard the shout its high success that cheered;
And they have told the tale of glorious deeds,
Their sons may boast for centuries to come.

—*Rev. John N. McJilton, D. D.*

THE RED CLAY HILLS OF CECIL.

The red-clay hills of Cecil, and the valleys at their feet,
Where cricks and rivers ripple to the broad bay singing sweet,
The cattle in the bottoms, where the natural meadows lie,
Like the peaceful purple pastures of the land of sunny sky;
The grain fields and the orchards and the marshes of the reed,
Where the old sandpiper whistles and the railbird loves to feed:

The red-clay hills of Cecil,
Where the crocus starts the spring,
And God's glory walks in blossom
Till frost folds the gentian's wing!

The red-clay hills of Cecil, and the scrubpine barren lands,
Where the wild blackberries ripen in a world of blistering sands;
The clean-cut, thrifty homesteads and the rolling seas of grain,
Where the summer sifts its sunshine and the green corn drinks the rain;
The farms beside the river, and the Big Elk gleaming there,
While the brave Sir Peter Parker's ghostly comrades grin and stare:

The red-clay hills of Cecil
And the lovely leagues between,
Where the smile of nature ripples
Into vales of living green!

The red-clay hills of Cecil, and the plateaus stretching fine
Where the happy homes of beauty 'neath the sweet clematis shine;
The mill wheels singing merry by the streams that saunter down
To the dreamy boatyard landing and the wharves of old Frenchtown;
The song of Octaroro and the school at Nottingham,
And the mem'ry of old Marley, with the wastegate and the dam:

The red-clay hills of Cecil,
Where the hope of youth revives,
And the lips of love are calling
Down the dales of happy lives!

The red-clay hills of Cecil and the Blue Ball road for me,
The old Bohemia Manor and the picnic groves of glee;
Brick Meeting House; and yonder, with its far-off signal light,
A Philadelphia steamer up the old canal at night;
The old Principio furnace, and the broad-based granite hill,
With its head at Port Deposit and its feet at Perryville:
The red-clay hills of Cecil,
And in March beneath the snow
The frail arbutus blossom,
With its faint pink lips a-blow!

The red-clay hills of Cecil—call me back again, again,
O sweet, old Cecil voices, with your tender heart-refrain!
The cattle in the meadows and the uplands waving sweet
With the rolling, golden billows of the heavy-headed wheat;
The cricks that turn the mill wheels, and from Plum Point to the bay
A song of dreamful summers in the lanes of boyhood day:
The red-clay hills of Cecil,
And a towhead whistling down
Where the moonbeams of the fairy
Light his path into the town!

—*Folger McKinsey.*

DISMEMBERMENT OF MARYLAND.

In the charter granted to Lord Baltimore for the province of Maryland, the northern and eastern boundaries were as clearly designated and defined as could possibly have been done by language, or by any other means. Indeed, had the royal grantor himself traversed the entire route, set up the bounds

with his own hand, and stamped them with the great seal, the limits which he intended for Maryland, on the north and east, would not have been more clearly set forth. And as if this was not enough to secure to Baltimore the whole extent of his grant, beyond the possibility of a doubt, his majesty closed with these significant words, so unusual in an instrument of the kind: "And if, peradventure, hereafter it may happen that any doubts or questions should arise concerning the true sense and meaning of any word, clause or sentence contained in this our present charter, we will, charge and command *that* interpretation to be applied always, and in all things, and in all our courts and jurisdictions whatsoever, to obtain, which shall be judged to be the more beneficial, profitable and favorable to the aforesaid Baron of Baltimore, his heirs and assigns."

Yet under this comprehensive charter which the learned McMahon has characterized as "the most ample and sovereign that ever emanated from the English crown," which is shielded with all these precautions and armed with well-nigh sovereign powers, Lord Baltimore, by encroachments made upon his boundaries—begun by selfish ambition and greed of gain, and pursued for years with unscrupulous pertinacity—was, without the least compensation or tender of compensation, deprived of two-fifths of the fairest portion of his domain . . . In 1661 Baltimore secured a confirmation of his patent in its entirety; so that whatever right may have lapsed by his non-occupancy of any territory within his charter limits was as fully secured to him by this confirmation as though his charter had just been granted. It would,

therefore, be mere twaddle to assert that the occupancy by the Dutch gave York the right to deprive his lordship of any portion of it, merely because he himself had conquered the Dutch. From that day, however, the unscrupulous Duke claimed it as his own; and, as may be surmised, Baltimore found in him a far more formidable competitor than the Dutch —one who, to the end, never evinced any compunction for the flagrant robbery. What was Baltimore to do, confronted as he was by his rapacious Royal Highness, who, in all England, stood next to the King in power and influence, and who might himself at any moment become king? One might suppose that his lordship would at least submit quietly, or possibly, like many others of that day, become an obsequious petitioner for that which so clearly belonged to him already. But Lord Baltimore did neither. He was, at the time, in England, and no doubt used both persuasion and remonstrance not only with the Duke but with his majesty to secure the evacuation of his territory. Whatever efforts he made there, however, were fruitless and he resolved to deal with the matter by the only means left to him . . . The records of the next three years show conclusively that the provincial government, acting under the Proprietary's instruction, made the most vigorous efforts short of war to establish settlements of Marylanders in the disputed territory. Rents were reduced one-half, manors were laid out for the Proprietary and every encouragement was given to settlers. If they failed to avail themselves of his generous offers in such numbers as he could have desired, it was no fault of himself or of his govern-

ment. The knowledge that the entire region was claimed by the Duke of York, who already wielded a vast influence with the king, and might at any moment become himself king, hung like a nightmare over Lord Baltimore's Delaware territory and kept many aloof who might otherwise have made their homes in that region. Yet the efforts of the provincial government, so far from being relaxed, were redoubled. Although the attempted erection of the two counties [Durham and one unnamed, 1669] seems to have come to naught, in 1672 Worcester county was erected, including all the territory embraced in both the aborted ones. This time, however, all the officials necessary to the complete organization of a county were appointed . . . From the recital of the many and vigorous efforts made by Lord Baltimore to reclaim his territory, beginning about 1640, only six years after his colony was placed at the opposite extremity of his grant, it will be seen how little ground there really was for the fatal assertion afterwards urged against his charter—namely, that he had forfeited by his supineness whatever rights he may have had to the disputed territory. His struggle with Claiborne began the very year his colony landed in Maryland, and was not brought to a triumphant termination until 1658, when it was settled through the Proprietary's negotiations with Cromwell, after having continued, with intervals, for twenty-four years. The struggle for the Delaware region, if we leave out of consideration the isolated and aborted effort of Marylanders in 1640 to plant a colony near the fortieth degree, began immediately after Claiborne's final discomfiture, and was directed against the Dutch

and Swedes until their conquest in 1664 by the Duke of York, and from that time, for eighteen years, against the latter. The last, but by no means the most formidable, of those with whom Baltimore had to contend for the territory so clearly granted to him, was William Penn . . . In August, 1682, the Duke gave Penn a deed "of all the town of New Castle, and all that tract of land lying within the compass or circle of twelve miles about the same." On the same day, by a separate deed His Royal Highness also conveyed to Penn "the territory of Delaware Bay, beginning twelve miles south from the town of New Castle, and extending to Cape Henlopen." At the same time he released to Penn any claim he might have to the territory included in his grant of Pennsylvania . . . The final decision was made, (by the king in council), in 1685 and decreed, "that for the avoiding all future differences, the tract of land lying between the river and bay of Delaware and the Eastern sea, on the same side, and Chesapeake Bay on the other, be divided into two equal parts by a line drawn from the latitude of Cape Henlopen to the 40th degree of northerly latitude—the eastern half to belong to his majesty, and the other to remain to Lord Baltimore." So it did not go directly to Penn after all, but to his royal patron, who, however, at once handed it over to his favorite, this being the fourth time!

—*George W. Archer.*

AUGUSTINE HERMAN—BOHEMIA MANOR.

Had Lord Baltimore's special order of commission to his brother Leonard, dated at Portsmouth, England, 8th August, 1636, been fully executed, a great part of Maryland would have been parcelled out in grants of manors of two or more thousand acres, giving to their proprietors not only the right of soil, but of holding courts baron and courts leet to decide upon personal claims and also of property. These rights of jurisdiction were to descend from the original owner to his heirs. The early records are filled with such grants: to George Talbot of Susquehanna Manor in Cecil county, to Marmaduke Tilden of Great Oak Manor on Eastern Neck, to George Evelyn of the Manor of Evelynton in St. Mary's county, and many others. In the records of this society are preserved the rent-rolls of Queen Anne's Manor, and a statement of the sale in a single year of twenty-seven manors, embracing 100,000 acres. These manors were granted by the Lord Proprietor, whereas in New York, the only conquered colony, the titles to manors were derived directly from the king.

The idea of founding an aristocracy in Maryland seems from the very first to have been of no effect, as no single title was ever created and none recognized, but that of Lord Baltimore himself, although in some of the early manors baronial courts were held. The manors were soon subdivided among the different descendants of the original proprietors, and the last one ceased to exist in its entirety with the death of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, although to the present day many Maryland estates are still called manors,

such as My Lady's Manor, Doughoregan Manor and Bohemia Manor . . .

Augustine Herman, whose career fills no inconsiderable space in the annals of New Netherlands, began in 1660 the surveys for his map of Maryland and Virginia, an undertaking of great magnitude, which cost him no less than ten years of labor and about two hundred pounds sterling, a large sum of money at that early period, and equal at the present time to at least ten thousand dollars. It was engraved in London by William Faithorne. The only one I have ever seen or of which I have any knowledge is in the British Museum. It was published in four folio sheets in 1670, and contains a portrait of Herman, who is repesented as a very fine looking man of middle age of the cavalier type of that time, and clearly shows that he possessed what worthy old Fuller quaintly calls "a handsome man-case." . . . In consideration of this valuable map, which Stuyvesant vainly endeavored to possess, and of which Washington said that "it was admirably planned and equally well executed," Lord Baltimore, in accordance with his agreement, bestowed upon Herman a large tract of land in Cecil county and later on in New Castle county, Delaware. The first patent was dated June 19, 1662, which was the year after Herman removed his family to Maryland. The patents of Lord Baltimore to the maker of the map were extremely liberal, for besides Bohemia Manor there was granted to him Little Bohemia, to which was added in 1671 St. Augustine's Manor and in 1682 The Bohemia Sisters. The title of "Lord" was conferred on Herman, together with all the rights and privileges incident to a manor, such

as holding courts baron and courts leet; these manors were to be holden, the grant says, "of Cecilius, Lord Baron of Baltimore, and of his heirs, as of the manor of St. Maries, in free and common socage, by fealty only for all manner of service, yielding and paying therefor yearly unto us or our heirs, at our receipt of St. Maries, at the two most usual feasts of the year, viz., at the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and at the feast of St. Michael the Archangel, by even and equal portions, the rent of four pounds sterling, in silver and gold, or the full value thereof in such commodities as we or our heirs shall accept in discharge thereof."

Herman erected on Bohemia river a large manor house commensurate with his great landed possessions, and there he resided with his family and large retinue of servants whom he had transferred from New Amsterdam, as he records, at "great expense." . . . He was a member of the Governor's Council, a justice of Baltimore county, and a commissioner on several occasions to treat with the Indians. He appears to have had more or less official and business correspondence with Roger Williams, of Rhode Island; Governor John Winthrop the younger, of Connecticut; Petrus Stuyvesant, of New York; William Penn, of Pennsylvania, and with Lord Baltimore. . . . As long ago as the period of which we are speaking, the construction of a canal to connect the waters of the Delaware and Chesapeake bays was contemplated . . . and perhaps the far-seeing Herman was as much influenced by the prospective canal and the great advantages to be derived from it, as he was by the for-

ests of stately trees and the fertility of the soil, when he made choice of Bohemia Manor. . . .

Herman's spacious mansion, commanding a fine view of Bohemia river to the Chesapeake Bay, was destroyed by fire in 1815, and with it many old and valuable paintings. Some of them had belonged to the founder of the manor, including his own and Mrs. Herman's full-length portraits, and also the large painting representing his flight from New Amsterdam. Tradition says that Herman was once a prisoner under sentence of death, presumably owing to his fearless opposition to the tyrannical Stuyvesant. Feigning insanity, he requested that his noble horse should be brought to him in prison. Herman mounted him and seemed to be performing the military exercises of his youth, when on the first opportunity he dashed through an open door or window, sprang into a small boat with which he crossed the North river, his steed swimming by his side, and so succeeded in getting back safely to his manor. When his favorite horse died his master caused him to be buried, and honored his grave with a tombstone. . . . Augustine Herman died in 1686. His monumental stone is still to be seen on his manor.

—*James Grant Wilson.*

Sword of our gallant fathers, defenders of the brave,
Of Washington upon the field, and Perry on the wave!
Well might Columbia's foemen beneath thy death-strokes reel,
For each hand was firm that drew thee, and each heart as true as steel.

—*Amelia B. Welby.*

THE AUTUMN FIELDS OF MARYLAND.

The autumn fields of Maryland,
  How sweet, how calm they lie—
By hill and stream a path of dream
  That winds unto the sky!
The autumn fields of Maryland,
  The meadows lush with bloom,
The cornland, with its ranks of green,
  Its tossing tassel-plume!
The harvest bells are ringing,
  The plowman's song is sweet
Across the fields of Maryland
  All in the stubbled wheat!

The autumn fields of Maryland,
  Across them drifts and drones
The bumble of the drowsy bee,
  The insect monotones;
The cows are in the bottom,
  The curlews on the hill,
The fall fish leap in silver
  Through the shallows of the rill!
Ah, golden autumn meadows
  In Maryland's land of smile,
With dreams upon the streams of song
  And in the meadow-mile!

The autumn fields of Maryland,
  Filled with the wild bloom's hoard,
The feet of fairies walking
  Down gardens of the Lord;
Far over hill and valley
  The wind-harps sweetly play,
While insects weave their silver threads
  To snare the feet of day!
The mower's song is silent,
  The thrasher's tune is still
While harvest lifts its voices
  In the burr-song of the mill!

The autumn fields of Maryland,
  At dawn a sheen of dew,
With phantoms of the crimson sky
  In purple gauze and blue;
The tinkling cowbells yonder,
  And orchards fruited red
With apples of the blush of rose
  And clustered grapes o'erhead!
The cider presses swinging,
  The amber juices sweet;
The yellow pumpkins in the corn
  Piled where the dead vines meet!

The autumn fields of Maryland,
  At night a moon of dream,
With blue autumnal skies and stars
  To shed their radiant gleam;
A night song down the valley,
  An echo up the road,
The jig tune of a fiddle string
  By rustic fingers bowed:
Yea, fields of dreaming beauty,
  And fields of faded bloom,
Where shadows of the old times pass
  In ghosts of gray perfume!

—*Folger McKinsey.*

THE SPESUTIE FIGHT.

Thus it happened that at three in the morning the "James and Thomas" was off the headland which is thrust down like a giant's thumb in the northern end of the Sea of Maryland. By four, the sloop had rid her keel of the waters of the Elk, and was now being borne along by the flood, which had just begun to enter that uppermost basin of the Chesapeake, into which the Susquehanna pours the waters of a thousand mountain slopes. Far, far astern the fire-ship

burned like a red star on the bosom of the bay, and in the heavens above her sailed a clipped moon, bound down the sky in old Saturn's wake. A westerly wind was rising. The pink of daybreak was in the east; wild fowl were honking overhead, and there was a clatter as of wings innumerable upon the shallows and in the coves. Geese, brant, red-heads arose from under the "Jim-Tom's" prow and cracked the air, as in a continuous whirlwind, but the rays of the morning sun were beating through the mist on Maudlin's Mountain, when at last Captain Polly saw, gliding out from its shadow, the craft she was sighing to come up with and dying to cannonade. The Tory's xebec was under full sail, close-hauled, and laying a course for Spesutie Island by the distant western shore. Captain Polly put the "Jim-Tom's" nose in the wind and went about. The sloop swung upon her keel, and, with a pretty spit of foam at the bows, quit the shadow of the mountain, and gave the full of her canvas to the sunburst of the morning. . . . The vessels were now speeding under full sail, side by side, and at close quarters. The piccarooners of the xebec, having brought three big guns into play, began to pelt the "Jim-Tom" in the bows, where Pfaff, with his swivel, was thundering away. The gun was so hot that whenever a bit of spray blew over the bows and struck the metal there was an angry splutter of steam; but the old bombardier, his hands blistered, and his eyebrows singed to the skin with powder, banged and banged, ever aiming at that part of the xebec in which the Tory chief was to be seen . . . The ball struck the boat and shattered it, and its occupants turned heels over head into the water.

Now, the old Tory had sewed his gold into a long canvas bag and this bag was wrapped about the necks of his two body-servants. When these men were thrown into the water, the weight of the gold held them fast in the mud, and before they could be brought to the surface both were drowned. But the captain regained his metal, and leaving his negroes to the fishes, waded ashore and disappeared in the forest that bordered the western rim of the great basin. As for Captain Polly, she took the wind astern for Turkey Point, where she rejoined her fleet, and passed with the flood to the Head of Elk, sending me thence posthaste to Cockfoot's in orders that I might urge forward the main train of succor.

—*George Morgan.*

OUT OF A FREDERICK WINDOW.

Out of a Frederick window—a glimpse of a far-off hill;
Out of a Frederick window—a vale and a rippling rill;
Out of a Frederick window—a mountain with crown of snow,
And a long, white road through the valley that sweeps like a bowl below:
Out of a Frederick window—the fields of the winter wheat,
And over it all Catoctin, with the town at its green-girt feet!

Out of a Frederick window—a window that looks to the West,
The beautiful blue hills dreaming the dream of the wintry rest;
Snow-crowned, gleaming and splendid; somber when dusk drifts down
And the bells of the twilight echo from the spires of the beautiful town:
Out of a Frederick window—the old pike winding far,
The vales and the bending river, the peaks and the evening star!

Out of a Frederick window—a glimpse of the naked trees,
Braddock upon the summit, and the echo of melodies
When the bees in the summer orchards and the hillside birds set fire
To the heart of the listening dreamer as they sang in a sweetheart choir:
Out of a Frederick window—the meadows of furze and bloom,
And love in a faded garden with her foot on a silver loom!

Out of a Frederick window—I see and shall see it again,
Through the smoke of the noisy cities, the dust of the feet of men,
A vision of hill and valley, and peaks one peak of snow,
And the turnpike winding, winding through the orchard-lands below:
Out of a Frederick window—a calm world, fair and sweet,
Where the peaches bloom in the summer and the cradles swing in the wheat!

Out of a Frederick window—a car climbs over the hill,
The steel wires sing in the valley and the cows come down to the rill;
The phantoms of old, sweet faces, the shadows of old friends, glide,
And a great dream breaks into morning with a young heart by my side:
Out of a Frederick window—the valleys, and there they lie,
The peaks of the loved Catoctin in the blue of a wintry sky!

—*Folger McKinsey.*

THE POTOMAC RIVER.

From "Washington."

The wooded banks are silent each to each,
Far sundered as by rounding lake;
To grasp the tideful flood's ambitious reach
The heavens a dim horizon make;
Fitly these woven grandeurs feed
Moods which a mighty presence here doth breed.

The fires of spring are kindled on the shores;
Cherry and dogwood flame in white;
Blossoms in green the life from sassafras cores,
But warmest is the rosebud's light;
To each a deeper glow results
From his soul's heat who ruleth now my pulse.

Its hungry flanks the cork-buoyed seine spreads wide;
The boatman's call is heard afar;
The distant craft like friendly spectres glide,
But all to me transfigured are:
For over all himself impends:
To each his worth benignant blessing lends.

Potomac! great thou art from thy great flood;
Greater as seat of empire vast;
But greatest, that thy breezes nursed the blood
Of him the foremost of the past;
For whom all sacred shalt thou be,
With Avon, Tiber, holiest Galilee.

—*George Henry Calvert.*

A CHESAPEAKE MARSH.

Willows and willows in two gust-worn rows,
The fading sunset and the marsh between,
A road beneath where little pools lie keen
At twisted roots, and faint the late light glows.
The yellowing leaves flame down each wind that blows,
And choke the pools and heap the rushes lean.
Wheels rumble; up the road a cart is seen;
White in a whirl of dust it lumbering shows.
Eastward, beyond the wall of gust-worn trees,
A rotting boat drawn up among the reeds;
Creeks that past foggy alders blazing slip;
Salt scents; the stir of solitary bees;
A startled bird that shoreward clamoring speeds
And leagues of water empty of a ship.

—*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

THE CURRENCY OF THE COLONY.

Tobacco was not only the staple product of Maryland, but was also its circulating medium, two hundred and seventy pounds of tobacco being held equivalent to an English guinea. But by the middle of the eighteenth century Maryland planters had begun to wear out their lands by injudicious farming. A poet of the colony presented to Lord Baltimore in 1733 a petition in verse, soliciting some relief for the planters:

> Too long, alas! tobacco has engrossed
> Our cares, until we mourn our market lost.
> Despairing, we impending ruin view,
> Yet starving must our old employ pursue.
> If you, benevolent, afford your aid,
> Your faithful tenants shall enlarge their trade;
> By you encouraged, artists shall appear,
> And gathering crowded towns inhabit here;
> Well pleased would they employ their gainful hands
> To purchase and improve your vacant lands.

The country lying immediately to the west of Baltimore was peculiarly fitted for the cultivation of the staple. There is still the Rolling Road, nine miles from Baltimore, down which hogsheads of tobacco, pierced so as to turn on their own axles when drawn by mules or oxen, were rolled down to Elkridge Landing, now a village on the Patapsco, but which once hoped to be the rival of Baltimore.

—E. W. Latimer.

PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF MARYLAND.

The history of the Provisional Government of Maryland has now been traced, in its general outlines, from its germ in the non-importation agreements of 1773 and 1774 through its gradual exercise and assertion of sovereign authority until it found itself the only power in the colony. It has been seen to pass through three more or less distinct stages, beginning, in the first, in the commercial resistance of the people to the aggressions of their rights and liberties, and rising to the power of armed opposition, taking the sword out of the Governor's hands and asserting itself as a second power in the province. In the second stage, it organized itself more fully, and gradually grew until it completely overshadowed the proprietary authority, and, in the third, it cut the Gordian-knot, declared the colony's independence, broke all connection with the Proprietary, and ended in the setting up of a new State government. In all this time—a period of nearly three years—it had pursued no other policy than the calm, consistent defense of the people's rights. It did not want to do anything more than maintain these rights, and the forcing upon it of the ultimate consequence was only the result of circumstances. But, under the pressure of those circumstances, it nobly showed itself equal to its task and started forward the government which, with some alterations, has worked smoothly for more than a century. During its continuance, its actions were marked by calm good sense and sober judgment. Drawing its authority directly from the people, it ever kept close to the source of its power, and, though

the spirit of the age was far less democratic than that of ours, it was always true to the voice of its constituents. In comparison with the character and development of other such transitional periods in the history of government, its history may well be a matter of pride to every loyal Marylander.

—*John Archer Silver.*

THE OLD PIKE.

The [National] Road is the only highway of its kind ever wholly constructed by the government of the United States. When Congress first met after the achievement of independence and the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the lack of good roads was much commented upon by our statesmen and citizens generally, and various schemes suggested to meet the manifest want. But it was not until the year 1806, when Jefferson was President, that the proposition for a National Road took definite shape. . . . Tradition, cheerfully acquiesced in by popular thought, attributes to Henry Clay the conception of the National Road, but this seems to be an error. The Hon. Andrew Stewart, in a speech in Congress, January 27, 1829, asserted that "Mr. Gallatin was the very first man that ever suggested the plan for making the Cumberland Road." The road as constructed by the authority of Congress, begins at the City of Cumberland, in the State of Maryland, and this is the origin of the name Cumberland Road. All the acts of Congress and of the Legislatures of the States through which the road passes, and they are numerous, refer

to it as the Cumberland Road. The connecting link between Cumberland and the city of Baltimore is a road much older than the Cumberland Road and the two together constitute the National Road. . . . From the time it was thrown open to the public, in the year 1818, until the coming of railways west of the Allegheny mountains, in 1852, the National Road was the one great highway, over which passed the bulk of trade and travel, and the mails between the East and the West. Its numerous and stately stone bridges, with handsomely turned arches, its iron mile posts and its old iron gates, attest the skill of the workmen engaged in its construction, and to this day remain enduring monuments of its grandeur and solidity, all save the imposing iron gates. Many of the illustrious statesmen and heroes of the early period of our national existence passed over the National Road from their homes to the capital and back, at the opening and closing of the sessions of Congress. Jackson, Harrison, Clay, Sam Houston, Polk, Taylor, Crittenden, Shelby, Allen, Scott, Butler, the eccentric Davy Crockett and many of their contemporaries in public service, were familiar figures in the eyes of the dwellers by the roadside. . . . As many as twenty four-horse coaches have been counted in line at one time on the road and large, broad-wheeled wagons covered with white canvas stretched over bows, laden with merchandise and drawn by six Conestoga horses, were visible all the day long at every point, and many times until late in the evening, besides innumerable caravans of horses, mules, cattle and sheep. . . . The road was justly renowned for the great number and excellence of its inns or taverns. On the mountain

division every mile had its tavern. Here one could be seen perched on some elevated site, near the roadside, and there another, sheltered behind a clump of trees, many of them with inviting seats for idlers, and all with cheerful fronts toward the weary traveler. The sign-boards were elevated upon high and heavy posts, and their golden letters winking in the sun, ogled the wayfarer from the hot roadbed and gave promise of good cheer, while the big trough, overflowing with clear, fresh water, and the ground below it sprinkled with droppings of fragrant peppermint, lent a charm to the scene that was well-nigh entrancing.

—*Thomas B. Searight.*

EARLY STATE GOVERNMENT.

In the brief space of four years the State government of Maryland accomplished much work. The task of organization was well carried out. A new form of administration dependent upon the people replaced the old provincial government, in which the executive and the Upper House of the Assembly had been subject to the Crown or the Proprietary. The differentiation of the legislative, the executive and the judicial functions marked this successful transition to the State government.

The attitude assumed by Maryland awakened public attention to the necessity for a common ownership of the Western lands. As a result of so firm a stand the States asserting exclusive domain over the territory were ultimately induced to cede these claims

for the general benefit. This achievement, largely due to the influence of Maryland, was of the greatest importance in the national development. Much aid was extended to the Continental Army. The State government even risked unpopular measures, imposing drafts in order to obtain sufficient troops for the campaign. At least one-tenth of the available military population remained constantly in the field, while each year the State contributed toward the varied expenses of the army about three-tenths per cent. of its entire taxable basis. In addition it was necessary to keep up an expensive navy, to pay the unusually heavy cost of collecting taxes, and to meet the other expenses of government. A large part of the Eastern Shore, one of the most productive regions of the State, was almost constantly disturbed by insurrections. . . . In combating Toryism the State government displayed much conservatism, enforcing harsh laws only when such action was absolutely necessary. . . . The Assembly, as the sole source of legislative power, assumed the chief authority. The Lower House, rather more radical in its tendencies, was held in check by the more conservative Senate. The Governor and Council, aided by the local executive officials, efficiently enforced the laws passed by the Assembly. In a crisis neither Governor Johnson nor Governor Lee hesitated to assume the initiative by exceeding the legal limits of their power. This action, which was principally taken to obtain much-needed supplies or to pacify the State, was always marked by discretion.

From the inauguration of the State government, February 5, 1777, to the final ratification of the Ar-

ticles of Confederation, March 1, 1781, Maryland was an independent State, entering into the deliberations of Congress as a sovereign ally. . . . The sovereignty which the British Crown had possessed reverted to the State government. With respect to this particular State, Congress assumed and exercised such power only with the express approval of the legislative authority. This conclusion is in accord with the doctrines advanced by the advocates of State sovereignty.

—Beverly W. Bond, Jr.

THE CHESAPEAKE OYSTER.

There these motionless epicures, the oysters, lie, with open mouths, while the sweet, salt sluices pour past them and return every day, bearing particles of invisible nourishment from groves of fruit unknown to us, perhaps from orchards of marine peach and the kernels of luscious fruits, which the dull microscope of the naturalist never finds. The predatory crab trundles his piratical hulk up those crystal alleys, and filches the oyster from his cell, or sometimes cradles his young in the oyster's shell, hoping that the vagabond may grow up undetected to a like voluptuous esculence. But a hearty democrat is our oyster. He seizes upon a fisherman's shoe or a tin kettle dropped overboard or a bit of a wreck and covers it by a system of animal electro-plating so that it often comes to the surface crystallized, colonized, a cluster of aquatic grapes for Neptune to plant on Olympus!

—George Alfred Townsend.

THE FEDERAL BULL-DOG.

Born at New Brunswick, N. J., in 1744, Luther Martin, who was of English stock, was the third of nine children. In 1757 he went to a grammar school, where he learned the rudiments of Latin, thence to Princeton College, where he graduated in 1763 at the head of a class of thirty-five. . . . Two days after graduation the lad of nineteen decided on law as his calling, and, with a few dollars in his pocket and a few friends for company, set out for Cecil county, Maryland, with letters to a Rev. Mr. Hunt. This gentleman kindly treated him and gave him letters by aid of which Martin secured a school at Queenstown, Queen Anne's county, Maryland, where he taught till April, 1770, living with and using the library of Solomon Wright, father of Robert Wright, later a United States Senator from Maryland. His means were scanty, and he was then, as ever after, in pecuniary stress, for he was improvident by nature. He ran in debt, and when he stopped school-teaching to devote his whole time to law study, he was arrested on five different warrants of attachment.

In 1771 Martin was admitted to the bar, and in 1772 went to Williamsburg, Va., where he remained during a term of court, making many valuable friends, among them Patrick Henry. He soon began practice in Accomac and Northampton, Va., was admitted as an attorney in the courts of Worcester and Somerset counties, Maryland, and took up his residence in Somerset. His income soon reached the large sum, for that day, of 1,000 pounds per year, and was never less till the Revolutionary trouble began. That in

the very inception of his legal practice he displayed ability that insured success and fame therein, is evinced by the recorded fact that at one of his early terms before the Williamsburg Court he defended 38 persons of whom 29 were acquitted. In 1774 Martin was appointed one of the commissioners of his county to oppose the claims of Great Britain; also a member of the convention called at Annapolis to the same end. In this, his first appearance in the arena of politics, he at once took strong patriotic ground. About this time he published a reply to the address sent out by the Howes from their ships in the Chesapeake Bay, also an address, "To the inhabitants of the peninsula between the Delaware and the Chesapeake to the southwest of the British lines," which was circulated in printed hand-bills.

In 1778, by the advice of Judge Samuel Chase, Martin was appointed Attorney-General of Maryland. In this position he most vigorously prosecuted (almost persecuted) the Tories of his State, making thereby life-long enemies as well as warm friends, for throughout his whole life he was never neutral in anything. In 1787 Martin was sent by the Maryland Legislature as one of the delegates to the convention at Philadelphia which framed the Federal Constitution. In the debates of that famous body he took an active part. In view of the fact that not many years after he was christened by his old antagonist, Jefferson, "the Federal Bull-Dog,"* it is noteworthy that his speeches in convention were in vehement opposition to the Constitution and that he left the body forever rather than sign the instrument. He kept up his opposition on his return to Maryland and laid before

the Legislature of that State some of the ablest arguments against ratification ever made. It is remarkable that the next public appearance of Luther Martin in a matter of national interest was as a staunch supporter of this very Federal Constitution, the adoption of which he had so ardently opposed, and fully as remarkable that such appearance should be as counsel for a Federal official—his warm personal friend—who had been no less bitter in his opposition to the same instrument. This appearance was as one of the counsel in the impeachment trial of Judge Chase before the United States Senate in 1804. . . .

In 1805 Martin resigned as Attorney-General after twenty-seven years' consecutive service. Despite his years (he had passed 60) he had still the largest practice of any lawyer in the State of which he was the most talked-of citizen, but that he was not mercenary is shown by his next appearance in a great public trial, where his love for the accused and hatred of Jefferson led him to take a most active part. This was the famous trial of Aaron Burr at Richmond in 1807; with the possible exception of the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson, the greatest State trial in our history. Martin was again of the winning side, for despite popular belief in Burr's guilt, at least in intention, which found voice in the jury's verdict of "not proved to be guilty," the case of the government was hopeless after Judge Marshall's ruling that the assembly and enlistment of men on Blennerhassett's Island showed no overt act. In one of his letters Jefferson expresses his opinion of Martin in these terms: "Shall we move to commit Luther Martin as a *particeps criminis* with Burr? Grayball will fix upon him

misprision at least, and at any rate his evidence will put down this unprincipled and impudent Federal bull-dog, and add another proof that the most clamorous defenders of Burr are all his accomplices. It will explain why Luther Martin flew so hastily to the aid of 'his honorable friend,' abandoning his clients and their property during a session of a principal court of Maryland, now filled, I am told, with the clamors and ruin of his clients." . . . In 1814 Martin was appointed Chief Judge of the Court of Oyer and Terminer for Baltimore city and county, a position he filled very satisfactorily till the abolition of the court in 1818. In February, 1818, forty years from the date of his first admission, he was reappointed Attorney-General of Maryland, but his powers soon waning an assistant had to be appointed, and he appeared in but few cases. . . . In 1820 he had a stroke of paralysis and became entirely dependent upon his friends, as he had never saved any money, which state of affairs led the Maryland Legislature in 1822 to pass an act which is unparalleled in American history. This act required every lawyer in the State to pay annually a license fee of five dollars, the entire proceeds to be paid over to certain designated trustees "for the use of Luther Martin."

—Henry P. Goddard.

PINKNEY, "THE BOAST OF MARYLAND."

Mr. Pinkney was actively engaged in his professional labors in the Supreme Court during the session of 1822. He also took part at the same period in the discussion of the bankrupt bills in the Senate and

was preparing for the debate on the Maryland propositions, relating to the appropriation of the public lands belonging to the Union for the purposes of education.

But his laborious life was drawing to a close. He was taken ill on February 17, 1822, and died on the 25th of the same month. John Randolph of Roanoke, in announcing his death in the House of Representatives, said:

"I rise to announce to the House the not unlooked for death of a man who filled the first place, in the public estimation, in the first profession in that estimation, in this or in any other country. We have been talking of General Jackson and a greater than he is not here; but gone forever. I allude, sir, to the boast of Maryland and the pride of the United States —the pride of all of us, but more particularly the pride and ornament of the profession of which you, Mr. Speaker (Philip P. Barbour), are a member and an eminent one. I will not say that our loss is irreparable, because such a man as has existed may exist again. There has been a Homer; there has been a Shakespeare; there has been a Newton; there has been a Milton; there may be a Pinkney, but there is none now."

WILLIAM PINKNEY, STATESMAN.

His last speech in the Senate was in reply to Mr. Rufus King, and was the master effort of his life. The subject, the place, the audience, the antagonist, were all such as to excite him to the utmost exertion.

The subject was a national controvery, convulsing the Union and menacing its dissolution; the place was the American Senate; the audience was Europe and America; the antagonist was *princeps Senatus,* illustrious for thirty years of diplomatic and senatorial service and for great dignity of life and character.

He had ample time for preparation and availed himself of it. Mr. King had spoken the session before and published the substance of his speeches (for there were two of them) after the adjournment of Congress. They were the signal guns for the Missouri controversy. It was to these published speeches that Mr. Pinkney replied, and with the interval between the two sessions to prepare.

It was a dazzling and overpowering reply, with the prestige of having the union and harmony of the States for its object and crowded with rich material. The most brilliant part of it was a highly-wrought and splendid amplification (with illustrations from Greek and Roman history) of that passage in Mr. Burke's speech upon "Conciliation with the Colonies," in which, and in looking to the elements of American resistance to British power, he looks to the spirit of the slave-holding colonies as a main ingredient and attributes to the masters of slaves, who are not themselves slaves, the highest love of liberty and the most difficult task of subjugation. It was the most gorgeous speech ever delivered in the Senate and the most applauded.

—*Thomas Hart Benton.*

IMPEACHMENT OF JUDGE CHASE.

The occasion was a momentous one, and so recognized by those who participated therein, as here was to be fought one of the first great battles of our national history between the advocates of diverse views as to the construction of the National Constitution, and the question to be settled whether the judicial department of our government could be controlled and manipulated at the pleasure of either of the other departments. That President Jefferson instigated this trial of the most vulnerable member of the Supreme Court in order to make that body less an obstacle to his methods of government is most probable.

The Senate was presided over by Vice-President Aaron Burr, who, though he had recently slain the ablest Federalist of them all, and was not of favor with his own party for his selfish effort to push himself into the Presidential chair designed for Jefferson by the party as a whole in the last contest, yet presided with a grace and fairness that won universal recognition. "With the dignity and impartiality of an angel, but with the rigor of a devil," said an opposition newspaper.

Among the Senators sitting in judgment on the case was the future President, John Quincy Adams, who steadily voted in favor of the accused, and many other wearers of historic names, such as Bayard of Delaware, Breckenridge of Kentucky, Dayton of New Jersey, Giles of Virginia, Tracey of Connecticut, Pickering of Massachusetts, and Sumpter of South Carolina. The chief manager of the impeachment on the part of the House was John Randolph of Roanoke,

then but thirty-one years of age and already the leader of the House, yet more feared than loved for his sarcastic eloquence.

Around Judge Chase, who was fully able to plead his own cause yet shrewd enough to draw about him the ablest advocates of his day, there gathered as counsel, his life-long friends, Luther Martin, Charles Lee, late Attorney-General of the United States, and Robert Goodloe Harper, who had but just ceased to be the Federal leader in the House and who has passed into history as one of Maryland's greatest advocates. Of lesser fame were Joseph Hopkinson, author of "Hail Columbia," and Philip Barton Key, of a family identified with our other great national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner." The charges against Judge Chase were embraced in eight articles. Their general drift was that he had violated his official oath and been unmindful of his judicial duties in two cases tried before his court and that he had improperly charged a grand jury, making his charge a political tirade against the party in power. Judge Chase was undoubtedly an obstinate and bitterly prejudiced old Federalist, who had been very over-bearing to members of the bar and most injudicious in his remarks concerning President Jefferson's official course. Yet that he was not deserving impeachment the result of a trial before a body containing a majority politically opposed to him and to whom Chase's "bacon face," as an opposing journal derisively termed it, was not more obnoxious than his political course, clearly indicates. The wisdom of the verdict is at this day pretty generally admitted. As is well-known the im-

peachment was not sustained, only three of the eight articles receiving even a majority of the votes of the Senators, none the requisite two-thirds.

—*Henry P. Goddard.*

JOHN EAGER HOWARD.

At the battle of Germantown, October 4, 1777, Colonel Josias Carvil Hall (Fourth Maryland Regiment), was disabled by an accident, and the command of the regiment, during the hottest part of the combat, devolved upon Major Howard. He endured with Washington's forces the hardships of the dreadful winter at Valley Forge, and took a part in the battle of Monmouth. In 1780 Congress united the seven Maryland regiments with the single regiment from Delaware, making two brigades under Generals Smallwood and Gist, and sent this force, numbering about two thousand men, under the command of Major-General Baron DeKalb, to the South, where Gates commanded in chief. At the battle of Camden, when a panic seized the new militia levies, DeKalb placed himself on foot at the head of the second Maryland brigade and called upon them to check the British advance. Vain were the furious charges of Rawdon; the brigade stood like a rock, forced back the British with the bayonet, and almost turned defeat into victory. "Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, at the head of Williams' regiment, (Williams being on Gates' staff) drove the opposing enemy before him." But the overwhelming force of Cornwallis, and the loss of the gallant DeKalb, who

fell mortally wounded, compelled the brigade to retire and the day was lost.

Soon after Greene assumed command of the Southern department, a detachment of chosen troops was placed under the command of Brigadier-General Daniel Morgan. It consisted of a body of picked men of the Maryland Line under Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, two companies of Virginia militia, and 100 dragoons under Colonel William Washington. Against this force Cornwallis sent Tarleton's Legion of infantry, cavalry and artillery. The forces met on January 17, 1781, at a place called the Cowpens, in South Carolina. Morgan, who had been reinforced by a considerable body of militia, placed these in the front, and in the rear of them and in the center of his main line were drawn up Howard's Marylanders, 280 strong, with militia on their flanks.

Tarleton opened the engagement with a heavy artillery fire, followed by a charge of cavalry. The militia in the first line met them gallantly but at last broke and fled, and the British, thinking the day was their own, fiercely charged Howard's Marylanders, who stood firm, and met them with a deadly fire. Exasperated by this unexpected resistance, the enemy threw their whole weight against the Maryland line, which refused to yield an inch. At last the British began to waver, and Tarleton, perceiving this, ordered up his reserve, and his whole force moved again to the attack. The British line, thus lengthened, threatened to outflank the Marylanders' right, to meet which Howard ordered his right company to change front. The men, mistaking the order, faced to the rear, and slowly retired, followed by the rest of the line in good

order. Morgan, in alarm, rode up to Howard, "but" (to use Howard's own words)—"I soon removed his fears by pointing to the line and observing that men were not beaten who retired in that order. In a minute we had a perfect line; the enemy were now very near us; our men commenced a very destructive fire, which they little expected, and a few rounds occasioned great disorder in their ranks. While in this confusion, I ordered a charge with the bayonet, which order was obeyed with alacrity."

The shock of this charge was irresistible, the British broke and fled in confusion. In the pursuit, Howard found himself in the midst of the 71st Grenadiers, whom he called upon to surrender. The men laid down their arms, and the officers delivered up their swords, of which he had at one time seven in his own hands.

The moral effect of this victory was decisive. It proved that the Continental levies could successfully resist the veteran British regulars. It raised the drooping spirits of the Americans, and by encouraging enlistment, it enabled Greene to carry out his plans. The turning point of this glorious day was Howard's bayonet charge; and after the Cowpens, Greene ordered that the Marylanders should use the bayonet in every battle.

Greene next confronted Cornwallis on March 15, at Guilford Court House, North Carolina. At the first attack the militia in the front broke and fled, and the enemy pressed hard upon the Virginia militia in the second line, who also gave way, after a gallant resistance. The brunt of the battle now fell upon the third line, consisting of Maryland and Virginia

regulars, the former under the command of Colonel Gunby, with Howard as Lieutenant-Colonel. These bravely sustained the shock, and poured in a heavy fire at close quarters, causing the enemy to recoil. Seizing the critical moment, they charged with the bayonet, and drove the British back. Colonel Gunby being disabled by the fall of his horse, Howard took the command, and charged the enemy again and again, while Washington's cavalry fell upon their flank and threw them in disorder. At this moment Howard's men rushed forward with fixed bayonets and swept the British from the field, the pursuit being only checked by the enemy's artillery. Greene, still pursuing his strategy of fighting and falling back, faced the enemy again at Hobkirk's Hill on April 25th, where a mistaken order lost the day, despite the heroic efforts of Williams, Gunby and Howard. In this engagement, Colonel Ford of the Second Maryland was killed, and Howard succeeded to the command of the regiment.

In August Greene felt strong enough to take the aggressive, and moved to attack the British, who, falling back before him, made a stand at Eutaw Springs. Here Greene attacked them on September 8, 1781. His forces were disposed in two lines, the first composed of militia from the Carolinas, and the second of Continental troops from North Carolina, Virginia and Maryland. The Marylanders under Williams were in two battalions, commanded by Colonel Howard and Major Hardman. The militia in the first line attacked with great courage and firmness, but were at last overpowered and fell back, the North Carolina Continentals taking their place, while the Marylanders

were held in reserve for the final struggle. The battle raged with great fury, until the British brought up their reserve, when the Americans began to give ground. Greene then ordered forward the Marylanders, who advanced within forty yards of the enemy, delivered their fire, and rushed to the charge. The British center gave way, and in a few minutes the whole line was in headlong flight.

The rout would have been complete, had not the Americans stopped to plunder the enemy's camp, which gave the British officers the opportunity of seizing a stone house, and rallying their men. Greene's ammunition being expended, he was unable to dislodge them, and retired. In the night the enemy destroyed their stores and retreated to Charleston, leaving their wounded behind.

Greene wrote to Smallwood, of the engagement at Eutaw Springs: "Nothing could exceed the gallantry of the Maryland line, Colonels Williams, Howard, and all the officers exhibited acts of uncommon bravery; and the free use of the bayonet gave us the victory. Many brave fellows have fallen, and a great number of officers are wounded; among the number is Lieut-Col. Howard. The Maryland line made a charge that exceeded anything I ever saw. But, alas! their ranks are thin, and their officers are few."

It was at the attack of the stone house that Howard fell, shot through the shoulder. His wound was so severe that he was sent home to receive proper surgical attention, though he retained his position in the army.

General Greene gave him a letter to James Calhoun, the first mayor of Baltimore, in which the General

says: "This will be handed you by Colonel Howard, as good an officer as the world affords; he has great ability, and the best dispositions to promote the service. My own obligations to him are great; the public's more so. He deserves a statue no less than the Roman and Grecian heroes."

As a soldier he was always ready for duty and prompt in its execution, and seemed to be equal to any emergency he was called on to face. Wherever placed he was always sure to be heard of favorably before an action was over. Every time that orders or accident placed him in charge of a command in action, the men of Maryland seemed to do their best, and his name will always be linked with that of the Maryland Line.

Colonel Howard's wound, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered, disabled him for active service in the field during the rest of the war.

THE MARYLAND LOYALISTS.

The "Tories" of Maryland were Marylanders who remained loyal to the British Government during the Revolution—some of them from motives which were hardly creditable, but many of them because of conscientious convictions. Among the latter was Jonathan Pinkney, the father of William Pinkney. Jonathan Pinkney resided at Annapolis, and was "a man of the highest probity, and character," who "adhered with a mistaken firmness to the cause of the mother country, and suffered severely the consequences of his conscientiousness," his property being confiscated, as was

that of many of those who thought as he did. As a war measure, Governor Tom Johnson and the Assembly adopted the expedient of confiscating the estates of all who did not lend aid and support to the new government, the proceeds being applied to the expenses of maintaining the patriot cause.

Another noted Loyalist was Daniel Dulany, the great lawyer, the "Antilon" of the famous controversy with "First Citizen," Charles Carroll of Carrollton. "Though a Loyalist at last, Dulany stood up manfully against the Stamp Act," and to his learning and courage the Revolution was indebted for much of the firm ground of the contest with Great Britain. Other noted Loyalists—and the clergy of the Church of England and the Methodist preachers furnished a considerable number of them—were Rev. Henry Addison, Daniel Dulany Addison, Rev. Jonathan Boucher, tutor of Washington's step-son; Rev. John Bowie, of Prince George's, Montgomery, Worcester and Talbot; John Buchanan, George Chalmers, the author; James Christie, Jr., of Baltimore; Lloyd Dulany, of Annapolis; Rev. William Edmiston, of Baltimore; Rev. John Eversfield, of Prince George's; Rev. Freeborn Garretson, of Harford; William Goddard, the Baltimore printer; Charles Gordon, a Cecil lawyer; Caleb Jones, sheriff of Somerset; Philip Barton Key, of Southern Maryland, who afterward represented a Maryland district in Congress; Thomas Lambden, of Worcester; Rev. John Patterson, of Kent, who was chaplain of the Maryland Loyalist regiment; Francis Sanderson, a Baltimore justice holding Lord Baltimore's commission; Rev. John Scott, the chaplain of Governor Eden, and a rector in Frederick county; Dr. John Smythe,

of Charles county, who was captured with Connolly; Anthony Stewart, of Annapolis; Captain Jonathan Stirling, Dr. Ferdinand Smyth Stuart; Dr. Alexander Williamson, of St. Mary's and Frederick; James Frisby, Robert Alexander.

"Disaffected and disloyal" Marylanders disciplined by the Council of Safety and by the Revolutionary governments in Maryland are frequently met with in the records of the time. Dixon Quinton, of Worcester, was one of them. He was charged with "importing salt contrary to the resolves of the Continental Congress." During the war a corps in the British service was composed of fugitives from Maryland, known as the "Maryland Loyalists," most of the survivors of whom settled at Nova Scotia at the peace, although a few returned to the State. In 1783 a body of these Loyalists embarked at New York for Nova Scotia in the transport ship Martha, which was wrecked near the end of the passage. Out of a total of about one hundred and sixty men, women and children only sixty-five were saved. "Lieutenant Henley, Lieutenant Stirling and Dr. Stafford got upon a piece of the wreck and floated at sea two days and two nights, nearly to the waist in water, during which time Stirling perished. On the third day the survivors drifted to an island, where they remained seven days, poorly clad and without fire or food. The sixty-two others who escaped were taken from rafts by four fishing vessels which belonged to Massachusetts, and landed at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia." When Philip Barton Key was sent to the Tenth Congress his seat was contested on the ground of his connection as an officer with the Maryland Loyalist regiment, and his

defense is interesting as showing his changed viewpoint:

"He said that his constituents knew the very circumstances of the follies of his early life, and his enemies had represented to them that, having been over twenty years ago in the British army, he was not a proper person to represent them. The people scouted the idea; they knew me from my infancy; but I had returned to my country, like the prodigal son to his father; had felt as an American should feel; was received, forgiven, of which the most convincing proof is my election to this House."

DR. JOHN CONNOLLY.

Dr. John Connolly, in the frontier troubles of Western Maryland just preceding the Revolution, was a prominent figure and, although residing in Augusta county, Virginia, was connected with many incidents of Maryland history of that time. He was alleged to be the prime mover in what is called the "White-Eyes Conspiracy"—a projected outbreak of Indians under a chief of that name—for the purpose of harrying the frontier settlements of this State and Virginia. Lord Dunmore, the royal governor of Virginia, upon a suggestion of Connolly in 1775, gave his consent to a plan formulated by the latter to draw the Western Indians into a confederacy and use them in the approaching struggle as allies of the English. Connolly is known to have communicated with the Indians and to have visited General Gage at Boston to secure his co-operation, and to have received an

appointment as lieutenant-colonel in the British army. After returning to Virginia and consulting with Dunmore, Connolly attempted to make his way through Maryland to Detroit, where a force was to be raised to invade Western Maryland and Virginia. He was captured near Hagerstown and confined in prison for a long time.

In 1783 Connolly published in London "A Narrative of the Transactions, Imprisonment and Sufferings of John Connolly, an American Loyalist, and lieutenant-colonel in His Majesty's Service, in which are shewn the unjustifiable proceedings of Congress in his treatment and detention." In this Connolly asked for compensation from the British government for his trials during the war, and for the losses occasioned by his loyalty. The following extract well presents the feeling entertained by that body of Americans, somewhat inconsiderable in numbers, but strong in personal standing and influence, who remained faithful to the king during the Revolution:

"In former wars, when American subjects acted in conformity to the orders of their sovereign and were commissioned by the royal representatives to military command, the pecuniary advantage annexed to the respective stations in which they appeared arose from the acts of general assembly of the governments wherein they resided and this provision, more ample or circumscribed, depended upon the temper or generosity of the different legislatures. The late unfortunate dispute, wherein not only the prerogative of the king, but the supremacy of the Parliament of his kingdom, was the litigated cause between Britain and her colonies, and in the maintenance of which the

American loyalist who attempted to support this system as constituted took an active part, changed totally the nature of his political connexions. [He is] cut off from his former dependence by the issue of the war, excluded from the privileges of the community to which he belonged and deprived of his property as a mark of its displeasure and disapprobation of his conduct."

Describing a meeting with Washington, about the time of the surrender at Yorktown, when Connolly, for a second time, fell into the hands of the patriots as a prisoner, he says: "I was now to see a man with whom I had formerly been on a footing of intimacy, I may say of friendship. Politics might induce us to meet like enemies in the field, but should not have made us personally so. I had small time for reflection; we met him on horseback, coming to view the camp. I can only say the friendly sentiments he once publicly professed for me no longer existed."

MARYLAND TEA PARTY.

In the general agitation in the colonies against "taxation without representation," nowhere was the spirit of opposition to the course of the mother country more outspoken and determined than in Maryland. From 1739, when her assembly successfully opposed the principle of taxation without the consent of the people, to 1765, when Parliament made a determined effort to levy the taxes, Maryland maintained a steady and increasingly bitter fight against them; so that when, in 1767, the tax on tea came, it

was like a spark dropping on powder. The people were incensed. Throughout the colony almost universal protest followed, which came to a climax in a famous meeting held in the old Hungerford Tavern, in Rockville, when protests were drawn up against the closing of the port of Boston and supplies were sent to the almost starving people of that city. Especially in the Whig Club of what are now Howard and Montgomery counties was the excitement intense. Of this the hero of the Maryland Tea Party, Charles Alexander Warfield, of Bushy Park, a physician and major of a battalion of militia, was president and probably the first man in the colony to propose a separation from the mother country. At the height of this general excitement the news came that the brig Peggy Stewart had arrived at Annapolis with a cargo of tea for her owner, Anthony Stewart, well known as an ardent loyalist. A meeting of the club was at once called and the ardent young patriot, in an impassioned speech, the words of which have not, unfortunately, come down to us, urged them to resent the insult to their colony and the threatened destruction of their liberties. The response to his appeal to march, at once, to Annapolis and destroy the Peggy Stewart and her cargo was unanimous. Boldly, in broad daylight, without the least disguise or attempt to conceal their purpose, they rode rapidly to the residence of Mr. Stewart. Riding in front of his men, Dr. Warfield called on Stewart to accept one of two proposition. As repeated by an eye witness, he said:

"You must either go with me and apply the torch to your own vessel or hang before your own door."

A gallows was quickly erected in front of the house. The rope dangling from it, the determined face of the patriot, together with his well-known reputation for fearless and prompt action, were very convincing arguments. There was no mistaking the spirit of Warfield. There was a moment's hesitation and then Stewart accepted the inevitable, came down the steps and led the patriots to his vessel, to which he applied the torch.

Home rode the patriot band, the leader to his bride of a year, the others to mothers, wives and sweethearts, having for weal or woe committed themselves, their loved ones and their colony to a war which for eight long, bitter years, would demand of Maryland the sacrifice of all her people and the blood of her choicest sons. Of the men who that day burned the Peggy Stewart many marched away afterwards to die on the battlefield, but the leader lived until January 29, 1813.

—*John Ellery Tuttle.*

LOGAN AND CRESAP.

For over a century "Logan's Speech" has been repeated by every school boy and admired by every cultivated person as a gem of masculine eloquence. Unluckily, it did not rehearse the Indian's wrongs and revenge alone. It gave point to its artless rhetoric by charging those wrongs and imputing the frightful results of that revenge to Michael Cresap, and, in proportion as both were dreadful in character and poignant in statement, the hatred of mankind for the alleged perpetrator became intense and lasting. The speech,

it is well known, was first published in the newspapers of America in 1774, but its remarkable popularity was secured by the importance given to it by Mr. Jefferson as illustrating Indian character and genius, by its publication, with comments, in his "Notes on Virginia." Accordingly every American, and multitudes of educated Europeans, learned to pity Logan and hate the name of Cresap; yet Cresap certainly never deserved their opprobrium, and it is quite possible their sympathetic compassion for Logan might have been considerably mitigated.

The speech of Logan, which has been so long celebrated as the finest specimen of Indian eloquence, dwindles into a reported conversation with an outburst from a blood-stained savage, excited, perhaps, when he delivered it, as well by the cruelties he had committed or by liquor; false in the allegations as to Cresap, and, at last having been conveyed to a camp about six miles distant, in the memory of Gibson, written down and read by proxy to the council of Lord Dunmore. Gibson, it is true, states in his testimony that he corrected Logan on the spot when he made the charge against Cresap, for he knew his innocence, but either the Indian did not withdraw it or the messenger felt himself compelled to deliver it as originally framed. It was untrue also as to the slaughter of all his relations, women and children; for years after his relatives and his wife survived, while it is known he never had any children.

The speech is as follows: "I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not? During the course of

the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his camp, an advocate of peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed and said: 'Logan is the friend of the white man!' I had even thought to have lived with you; but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked murdered all the relatives of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

—*Brantz Mayer.*

ADAM RUSH.

A country boy in a country town is more lost than a town boy in a big city. In a city nobody cares for the town boy. In a town everybody takes some sort of interest in the country boy and the country boy knows it.

It seemed to Adam that they were all very civil. There was another clerk in the store—a rather grand young man, whose black hair, so securely pasted in immovable waves over his low forehead, was a matter of much perplexity to Adam. He was Mr. Salt's extra help. He came in later than the others and had his hours for meals clearly defined. He was very strait in

his manner, very didactic in his speech, very certain in his arguments with his customers.

"C. Coleman Jones," said Mr. Salt, "is a good deal of a peacock; but it is well to have such as him around, and he can look prettier on a small salary than any man I know of. I wouldn't trust him as I am going to trust you, Adam, but that does not mean that I don't appreciate his usefulness. A peacock isn't much use around a farmhouse, but he adds a little to the looks of things and C. Coleman can part his hair in the middle with the best of them."

But C. Coleman Jones did not particularly admire Adam, although he condescended to introduce him to a few of his friends, who being something like C. Coleman, did not entertain any great admiration for the young man from Wheatley.

Adam decided to go to Sunday School, although he was told that it was not the custom of the young men of his age to do so—they have become too manly for that. But he went. He was a silent pupil, but he greatly admired the earnestness of Miss Crawford and her knowledge of the lesson. When the exercises were over she detained him.

"I am very glad to welcome you here," she said, "and I hope you will become one of our workers. So many of the young men give up Sunday School. I do not know why, but they do. You won't, will you?" He promised.

"We must get hold of that young man," said Mr. Weir to Miss Crawford.

"Yes, we must get hold of him and keep hold of him," replied the young woman.

And they did to his inestimable benefit in the future.

—Lynn R. Meekins.

THE JEW IN MARYLAND.

The Jews of Baltimore have always played a prominent part in its progress in every branch of endeavor. The first record is that of the Collmus family, which arrived in 1798 from Bohemia, and in 1808 the six sons of Israel J. Cohen came with their mother from Richmond, Virginia. Their names figure most prominently in the emancipation struggle of 1818-26, during which time the "Jew Bill" was debated in the Legislature of Maryland. This bill proposed to "consider the justice and expediency of extending to those persons professing the Jewish religion the same privileges that are enjoyed by Christians." Immediately upon its passage and its ratification in the legislative session of 1825-1826 it was applied practically to the election of Solomon Etting and Jacob I. Cohen, Jr., to seats in the City Council of Baltimore.

After 1826 the recorded history of the Jews of Baltimore ceases to be the history of prominent individuals and becomes that of a community. Almost coincidentally with the removal of civil disabilities occurs the first of a series of regular meetings for religious services whose continuity has been uninterrupted. According to the recollections of one participant still living, this meeting took place at Holliday street, near Pleasant, at the house of Zalma Rehine, a former resident of Richmond, Virginia, and an uncle of Isaac Leeser. In 1837 a three-story brick building was bought at the southwest corner of Harrison street and Aetna lane. In 1845 the congregation moved to Lloyd and Watson streets and worshiped there until 1889,

when the fine building now occupied at Madison avenue and Robert street was erected.

The Jews of Baltimore have participated fully in the civic life of the town and State and have taken some part in national affairs. In the city, Jews have filled numerous minor offices, notably as Councilmen, justices of the peace, supervisors of elections, and in the city law department, as well as on boards and special commissions.

—Henrietta Szold.

NOTES

The sources of extracts are indicated by the titles in brackets; M. H. S. refers to fund publications of the Maryland Historical Society; J. H. U. to the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, edited by Dr. J. M. Vincent, J. H. Hollander and W. W. Willoughby. Prior to 1882 the editor of these studies was the late Prof. H. B. Adams.

Alsop, George (1638 —).—An Englishman who settled in Maryland and wrote "A Character of the Province of Maryland" (London, 1666) in a laudatory vein, for the purpose of encouraging immigration to the province; Alsop is said to have been a redemptioner, or indentured servant. [M. H. S., No. 15, 1880.]

Archer, George W.—Native of Harford county; physician, novelist, historian. Voluminous writer on State and local history. [The Dismemberment of Maryland, M. H. S., No. 30, 1890.]

Belisle, D. W.—[History of Independence Hall and Biographies of the Signers, Philadelphia, 1859.]

Benton, Thomas Hart (1782-1858).—Native of North Carolina; U. S. Senator from Missouri. Pinkney, William (1764-1822). Native of Annapolis, Md; died in Washington. Delegate in General Assembly, Minister to Great Britain, United States Senator, Attorney-General of the United States; the most noted Maryland lawyer. [Thirty Years' View.]

Bombaugh, Charles Carroll (1828-1906).—Native of Harrisburg, Pa.; died in Baltimore. Physician and Civil War surgeon; editor, journalist and author of several books; vice-president American Academy of Medicine.

Bond, Beverly W., Jr.—Instructor in English at State University of Mississippi; author "Monroe's Mission to France." [State Government in Maryland, 1777-1781, J. H. U., Nos. 3-4, series 23.]

Bowen, Rev. Littleton P.—Presbyterian clergyman of Worcester county, and author of a novel in which the history and work of Rev. Francis Makemie is detailed. Makemie (circa 1658-1708) came to America from Ireland and established the first Presbyterian church in this country at Snow Hill, 1683-84; organized the first presbytery and several congregations on the lower Eastern Shore of Maryland and elsewhere; was known as the "Apostle of the Accomac" and died on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. [The Days of Makemie; or, The Vine Planted: 1680-1708. Philadelphia Presbyterian Board, 1885.]

Bowie, Richard J.—Congressman and judge. He and A. B. Davis were two of the speakers at the centennial of the formation of Montgomery county, 1876.

Boyle, Esmeralda.—[Biographical Sketches of Distinguished Marylanders, Baltimore, 1887.]

Brooks, Nathan Covington (1809-1898).—Native of Cecil and taught school in Cecil, Montgomery and Baltimore counties; principal Baltimore City Male Central High School, president Baltimore City Female College, which he founded in 1848, until its existence ceased in 1890, when he removed to Philadelphia. Historian, theologian, poet, journalist and author classical textbooks; LL. D., Emory College, Ph.D., Ohio University, LL.D., Franklin and Marshall. [The Literary Amaranth, Philadelphia, 1848.]

Calvert, George Henry (1803-1889).—Native of Prince George's county; died in Newport, R. I. Graduate Harvard; editor, poet, dramatist.

"Calvert's Colony" and "Counties of Maryland" are used by permission of the Maryland State Board of Education, and are taken from the Teacher's Manual (1902), prepared by Dr. M. Bates Stephens, State Superintendent of Public Education.

Cheeves, Mrs. E. W. Foote.—Native of Virginia; once resided in Baltimore city. [Sketches in Prose and Verse, 1849.]

Churchill, Winston (1871 —).—Native of St. Louis, Missouri, and graduate of U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, 1891; novelist. [Richard Carvel.]

Creswell, John Angel James (1828-1891).—Native of Port Deposit, died at Elkton. Graduated with highest honors at Dickinson; admitted to Baltimore bar, 1850; Representative in Thirty-eighth Congress; United States Senator, 1865-69; Postmaster-General in Grant's first Cabinet; counsel for United States before Alabama Claims Commission, 1874-76; LL.D., Dickinson, 1871. Was chosen to pronounce eulogy on Henry Winter Davis (1817-1865) in House of Representatives, February 22, 1866; although not a member of the national legislature at the time of his death, Davis' memory was paid the unusual honor of public eulogy in the House. He was a native of Annapolis, practiced law in Alexandria and Baltimore, declined the nomination for Vice-President on the Republican ticket in 1860, served in Congress, 1853-61, and again, 1863-65; one of the most brilliant men of his day; author and orator.

Davis, George Lynn-Lachlan.—Lawyer, Commissioner of the Land Office, 1868. [Day-Star of American Freedom, 1855.]

Dennis, Alfred Pearce (1869 —).—Native of Worcester county; graduated from Princeton, 1891; instructor in history and assistant to Prof. William M. Sloane; Ph.D., Princeton, 1893; professor of history Wesleyan University, 1893-1898; associate professor of history Smith College for six years, when failing health caused his retirement; now resides at Pocomoke City. Author of numerous historical papers and noted lecturer. [Oration before General Assembly of Maryland, March 5, 1894, upon the occasion of the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the removal of the capital from St. Mary's.]

Dennis, Amanda Elizabeth.—Native of that part of Worcester county now included in Wicomico; long a teacher in the public schools of the latter and author of numerous poems. [Asphodels and Pansies. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, 1888.]

Dickinson, John (1732-1808).—Born at "Crosiadore," Talbot county; died at Wilmington, Delaware. Lawyer and publicist; served in Pennsylvania and Delaware Legislatures, was governor of both States and represented them at different times in Congress; aided in establishment of Dickinson College, which is named after him; brigadier-general in Revolution; opposed adoption of

the Declaration of Independence, but was afterward foremost among its supporters; wrote many state papers, Colonial and Revolutionary, including "The Declaration on Taking up Arms," adopted July 6, 1775, and reported to Congress by a committee including Thomas Johnson of Maryland; Rutledge, Franklin, Jay, Jefferson. [The Declaration on Taking Up Arms, 1775.]

Gelletly, J. F.—Resident of Baltimore city; poet and newspaper writer.

Goddard, Henry P. (1842 —).—Native of Connecticut; a captain in the Federal army during the Civil War; author. [Luther Martin, "The Federal Bulldog," M. H. S., 24, 1887.]

Hadel, Albert K.—A Baltimore physician . [Oration at unveiling of monument over grave of General Smallwood, in Charles county, July 4, 1898.]

Hall, Clayton C.—Baltimorean; lawyer, lecturer on Maryland Colonial history; author "The Lords Baltimore." [The Great Seal of Maryland, M. H. S. No. 23, 1885.]

Harbaugh, Thomas C. (1849 —).—Native of Middletown, Frederick county, but has resided in Ohio since infancy; poet and novelist; secretary of the Maryland Association of Ohio. [Alice of Maryland; poems.[

Higgins, Edwin (1841 —).—Native of Montgomery county. Lawyer, and long a practitioner at the Baltimore bar; lecturer on patriotic subjects, legal author and poet.

Howard, John Eager (1752-1827).—Native of Baltimore county; active in raising troops at the outbreak of the Revolution; captain in the Flying Camp in 1776 and fought at White Plains; major Fourth Maryland regiment, 1777; served in the Continental Congress, 1787; Governor of Maryland, 1788; declined appointment as Secretary of War, 1795, in Washington's Cabinet. [Memoir.]

Ingle, Edward (1861 —).—Native of Baltimore city. Graduate Johns Hopkins University; journalist, writer on economics. Captain Richard Ingle, a mariner and trader in the colonial period, has been rather severely dealt with by Maryland historians, but

later research has not viewed his activities in the troubled politics of his time so harshly. [Captain Richard Ingle, the Maryland "Pirate and Rebel," 1642-1653. M. H. S., No. 19, 1884.]

Johnson, Bradley Tyler (1829-1903).—Native of Frederick city; died in Amelia county, Virginia. State's Attorney of Frederick county, 1851; raised a regiment at beginning of Civil War and entered the Confederate army; brigadier-general of cavalry, C. S. A., 1864; State Senator in Virginia Legislature, 1875-1879; returned to Maryland and practiced law in Baltimore. [The Founding of the Eastern Shore: Centennial Address at Easton, Maryland, July 26, 1888.]

Kennedy, John Pendleton (1795-1870).—Native of Baltimore city; died in Newport. Lawyer, Speaker Maryland House of Delegates, Representative in 25th, 27th and 28th Congresses; Secretary of the Navy under Fillmore, and fitted out Perry's expedition to Japan and Kane's second Arctic expedition; LL.D. Harvard; lecturer, essayist, public speaker, novelist, biographer; wrote a chapter for Thackeray in "The Virginians." His "Horse-shoe Robinson," a Revolutionary tale of the Carolinas, is widely known. [Rob of the Bowl; a Legend of St. Inigoes. A Legend of Maryland—the story of George Talbot—in Atlantic Monthly, 1860. Discourse on George Calvert, First Lord Baltimore, M. H. S., 1845.]

Key, Francis Scott (1779-1843).—Native of Frederick—now Carroll—county, and was a fellow law student with Taney, whose wife was his sister; educated at St. John's College; practiced law at Frederick, 1801-09; removed to Georgetown, D. C.; United States Attorney District of Columbia; died in Baltimore. Wrote "Lord, With Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee," a hymn generally used in Protestant churches. The Lick monument to Key, in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, was unveiled in 1887, and another monument over his grave at Frederick was erected in 1898. [Poems, with an introductory letter by Chief Justice Taney, preface by Rev. Dr. H. V. D. Johns, 1857.]

Kilty, William (1758-1821).—Native of Maryland. Physician, lawyer, poet; surgeon in Fifth Maryland Regiment during the Revolution; chief justice District of Columbia, 1801; Chancellor

of Maryland, 1806-1821; the High Court of Chancery, established 1777, was abolished by the Constitution of 1851. Kilty compiled laws of Maryland, 1799. He wrote "The Spirit of Maryland in 1794" for a Fourth of July dinner at Alexandria, Va., and it was sung by S. Hanson. General Washington was a guest and at the first verse, copied from the old English song, "The English merchants and Tories were much pleased, and General Washington showed some surprise," but the third verse changed the feeling of the loyalists. [Our Country, 1860.]

LATIMER, E. W.—[International Review.]

LOWDERMILK, WILLIAM H.—Native of Cumberland; resided in Washington city. [History of Cumberland.]

MARINE, WILLIAM MATHEW (1843-1905).—Native of Sharptown, then in Somerset county; died in Baltimore city, where he had resided since 1854. Admitted to the bar, 1864; practicing lawyer, writer, poet, public speaker; delivered many historical addresses; Collector of the Port of Baltimore under President Harrison. Author "The Nanticoke" and "History of the British Invasion of Maryland During the War of 1812." Major-General ROBERT ROSS (circa 1766-1814), commander-in-chief of the British armies in America, had previously distinguished himself on the Continent. The Prince Regent conferred on his widow and descendants the honorary distinction "of Bladensburg," to be added to the family name. The holder of the courtesy title (DeBrett) is Lt.-Col. John Foster Ross-of-Bladensburg, C. B., Rosstrevor, County Down, Ireland. The family crest is "An arm in general's uniform issuant out of a mural crown and grasping the broken flagstaff of the standard of the United States;" mottoes, per aspera virtus, Bladensburg. [Battle of North Point and other Poems, Baltimore, 1903.]

MARYLAND DAY.—Originated in a resolution adopted by the State Board of Education, in February, 1903, and was recognized by the General Assembly of 1904, which enacted that "Maryland Day shall be observed at such a time and in such manner as the State Board of Education may direct." The Board in 1903 suggested the observance of March 25, the date of the landing of the first colonists, as a day to be "devoted in all the public schools

to the effective presentation of some particular event in the history of the State." When that date fell on Sunday, in 1905, Governor Edwin Warfield, by proclamation, designated the preceding Saturday for the observance. The topics treated have been: 1904, The Landing of the Maryland Pilgrims; 1905, Religious Toleration in Maryland; 1906, Maryland's Influence in Founding a National Commonwealth; 1907, Beginnings of Popular Government in Maryland; 1908, Maryland's Part in Winning Our Independence; 1909, Maryland's Contribution to American Literature.

Mayer, Brantz.—A former president of the Maryland Historical Society and author. [Logan and Cresap.]

McGirr, Michael A.—Poet; his "Lays of a Laborer" was published in 1868 by Longnecker Bros. & Conner, Towson.

McJilton, John N., D.D. (1805-1875).—Native of Baltimore city; died in New York city. Protestant Episcopal clergyman, journalist, poet; superintendent public schools, Baltimore city; removed to New York, 1868. [Poems, 1840.]

McKinsey, Folger (1866 —).—Native of Elkton, now resident of Anne Arundel. Journalist, poet; in newspaper work since 1884; former editor Elkton Whig, Frederick News; editorial staff Baltimore News, Washington Post; now with Baltimore Sun; pen name, "The Bentztown Bard;" a prolific writer; his poems on Maryland subjects and child life in the Sun have gained him wide reputation. A collection of his poems, "A Rose of the Old Regime," was published in 1907. (Doxey Book Shop, Baltimore.)

McMahon, John Van Lear (1800-1871).—Native of Cumberland and died there; graduated from Princeton with highest honors, 1817. Lawyer, legislator, orator; removed to Baltimore, 1826; active and influential in many reform movements; drafted charter of Baltimore & Ohio Railroad; declined several high offices; although having a national reputation as an orator, would never make a speech outside his native State; projected on a comprehensive scale "An Historical View of the Government of Maryland," only one volume of which was published (1831) and which, popularly known as McMahon's History of Maryland, is a work of the greatest merit and authority. McMahon re-

linquished the practice of the law in 1855 because of failing eyesight. St. John's College conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws, 1869. [An Historical View of the Government of Maryland.]

Meekins, Lynn R.—Native of Dorchester county; journalist and author. [Adam Rush.]

Morgan, George (1854 —).—Native of Concord, Delaware. Journalist, residing in Philadelphia, and one of the editors of the Philadelphia Record; novelist and biographer. "John Littlejohn of J.," from which an extract is taken, was the first, in point of time, of the numerous American Revolutionary novels published in recent years. [John Littlejohn of J. Lippincott's, Philadelphia, 1896.]

Palmer, John Williamson (1825-1906).—Native of Baltimore city. Graduate in medicine, University of Maryland, 1847; traveler, journalist, poet; associate editor Century Dictionary; author numerous magazine articles on Maryland. "The Maryland Battalion" was written for the dedication of the monument in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., "in honor of Maryland's Four Hundred, who on this battlefield, August 27, 1776, saved the American army." [Certain Worthies and Dames of Old Maryland, Century, vol, 29.]

Passano, Leonard Magruder.—Author of a history of Maryland. [Maryland: Stories of Her People and of Her History.]

Pearre, George A. (1860 —).—Native of Cumberland. Admitted to bar, 1882; State Senator from Allegany, 1890; State's Attorney of Allegany, 1895; in Congress from Sixth Maryland district since 1899. [Oration at unveiling of monument to "Maryland's Four Hundred," Smallwood's regiment, August 27, 1905, erected by the Maryland Society Sons of the American Revolution.] The Marylanders were in Lord Stirling's brigade and under command of Major Mordecai Gist, Colonel Smallwood being absent on court-martial duty. Stirling (1726-1783) was captured, and only thirteen of the Marylanders, with Gist, escaped from the field. Gist (1743-1792) became brigadier-general, 1779. He was "conspicuous alike for his splendid generalship and remarkable valor;" born in Baltimore city; died in Charleston, S. C.

PIKE, ALBERT (1809-1891).—Native of Massachusetts; died in Washington. Lawyer, poet, statesman, brigadier-general C. S. A. Was with May's regiment at Buena Vista. Col. CHARLES A. MAY (1819-1864), native of District of Columbia; graduate of West Point, chief of cavalry under Taylor, promoted major at Palo Alto, lieutenant-colonel at Resaca de la Palma, colonel at Buena Vista; died in New York city.

PINKNEY, RT. REV. WILLIAM (1810-1883).—Native of Annapolis and graduate of St. John's College; fifth Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Maryland and the ninety-seventh in succession in the American episcopate; ordained deacon at Cambridge, 1835, and priest at Frederick, 1836; rector St. Andrew's, Somerset; St. Matthew's, Prince George's, and Ascension, Washington city; assistant bishop of Maryland, 1870, and succeeded Bishop Whittington, deceased, 1879. Author of life of his uncle, William Pinkney; poet. [Ernest Murray and Sonnets, 1869.]

RANDALL, JAMES RYDER (1839-1908).—Native of Baltimore city. Journalist and poet; spent most of his life in the South and wrote "Maryland, My Maryland," at Poydras College, La., in 1861, being then a professor in that institution; once an editor of the Baltimore American. This poem first appeared in the New Orleans Delta; is "probably the most famous, as it is the most stirring in its martial tone, of all that the war evoked." Oliver Wendell Holmes said of the poem: "My only regret is that I could not do for Massachusetts what Randall did for Maryland."

RANDALL, JOHN WIRT.—Native of Annapolis. Lawyer, bank president; State Senator, 1896-98. The poem, "To the Old Tulip Poplar," on St. John's College campus, first appeared in the St. John's *Collegian*, and was read at the unveiling of a bronze tablet placed on the tree, which bears the inscription: "This tablet is placed upon the *Liberty Tree* by the Peggy Stewart Tea Party Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Annapolis, Md., October 19th, 1907, to commemorate the First Treaty made here with the Susquehannocks in 1652; and that George Washington, in 1791, and General Lafayette, in 1824, visited St. John's College. Through the munificence of James T. Woodward, of New York city, the Tree, estimated to be over 600 years

old, has been preserved from decay." The tree is over thirty-four feet in circumference at its base and is said to be the largest tree east of the Rocky Mountains. Its trunk and main limbs have been since the earliest settlement hollow, although the tree has always seemed vigorous. Mr. Woodward, a native of Anne Arundel, expended over one thousand dollars in having the decayed wood cut away and in filling the hollow trunk and limbs with cement grouting, the largest piece of "*tree dentistry*" ever done in this country. It is thought that this will insure the life of the tree for other centuries to come. Over fifty-five tons of cement grouting were used in filling the cavities of the tree. Although the age of this tree is stated as "over 600 years," it is believed by experienced tree culturists that its age actually exceeds 800 years.

Reese, Lizette Woodworth.—Native of Baltimore city and teacher of English in Western High School. [A Handful of Lavender. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.]

Riley, Elihu S. (1845 —).—Native of Annapolis. Lawyer, journalist, historian; author histories of Annapolis and Anne Arundel county and of the General Assembly; joint author of a history of the bench and bar of Maryland; an accurate and authoritative writer. [Correspondence of Charles Carroll of Carrollton (1737-1832) and Daniel Dulany (1721-1797), "First Citizen" and "Antillon;" The Early Bar of Maryland, Greenbag, November, 1900.]

Scully, Denis J. (1865-1908).—Native of Baltimore city. Journalist, author and poet; secretary Irish Historical Society of Maryland; deputy clerk Court of Common Pleas, Baltimore; writer for the periodical press on subjects connected with history of the Irish in America, and of the Roman Catholic Church in Maryland.

Senate Chamber.—In this historic room, in the old State House at Annapolis, Congress met in 1783, when Washington surrendered his commission as commander-in-chief of the Continental army, and in January of the following year the treaty with Great Britain was ratified there. Two years later the convention of States which led to the convention of 1788 at

Philadelphia, which formulated the federal constitution, met in the Senate chamber. In 1838 the room was refurnished, and in 1875 it was entirely remodeled. It was restored to its Colonial condition in 1905 under the supervision of a committee composed of Governor Edwin Warfield, J. Appleton Wilson, Clayton C. Hall, Dr. J. D. Iglehart, DeCourcy W. Thom, Josias Pennington, John Wirt Randall, George H. Shafer. Mr. Thom made a report of the work of the commission, from which the extract is taken.

Shellman, Harry Jones (1843-1894).—Native of Westminster; died in New York city. Journalist, poet; editor Westminster Sentinel, Indianapolis (Ind.) News, Texas Siftings. "He was a gentleman of generous and noble character, sincere in his friendships and upright and pure in his life. "Cole's Cavalry," First Regiment Potomac Home Brigade, Maryland Volunteers, U. S. A., was one of the most noted bodies of mounted troops on either side during the Civil War. Its colonel, Henry A. Cole, and lieutenant-colonel, George W. F. Vernon, both natives of Frederick, and both now residing in Baltimore city, fought throughout the war with this command, which entered the conflict in 1861 as a battalion, but grew to regimental strength and, either as a whole or in part, participated in nearly a hundred engagements, from Gettysburg, Pa., to Lynchburg, Va. The poem aptly describes the life of Cole's men. Western Maryland was predominated largely by Union sentiment, and the personnel of Cole's Cavalry was almost exclusively from that section. "They were farmers' and planters' sons, mainly, in good circumstances, who owned good horses, which they brought with them into the military service . . . were young, unmarried men, intelligent, enthusiastic, accustomed to the use of firearms; in fact, the very best material for cavalrymen," and for four years were almost constantly in the saddle. Mr. Shellman's poem was suggested by an old veteran's praise of "Lion," whom he had brought to a Decoration Day parade with a wreath of roses around his neck, when some young men made a jocular offer to buy the venerable steed.

Silver, John Archer.—[The Provisional Government of Maryland, 1774-1777. J. H. U.]

Smith, John Philemon.—Resides at Sharpsburg. Teacher, poet and writer on local history.

Soran, Charles.—Resident of Baltimore city in first half of nineteenth century. Dedicated his published collection of poems to Rev. Dr. McJilton and Dr. Nathan C. Brooks. George Armistead, a Virginian (circa 1780-1818) as a major of the United States army, commanded at Fort McHenry in 1814. [The Patapsco and Other Poems, Baltimore, 1842.]

St. Clair, Sir John.—Came to America in 1755 as deputy quartermaster-general of the British forces, and built the first road across the mountains of Western Maryland, known as the "Braddock Road." He was shot through the body at Braddock's defeat, but soon recovered; his home was in Argyleshire, Scotland, to which he returned late in life. "Sir John's Run" was named after him.

Steiner, Bernard C. (1867 —).—Ph.D., Yale, 1891; succeeded his father, Dr. Lewis H. Steiner—a native of Frederick (1827-1892)—as librarian Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore; author of many titles on Maryland history and frequent contributor to periodicals; associate in history Johns Hopkins University; dean and professor public law, Baltimore Law School. Governor Eden (1741-1784) was a native of Durham, England; married Caroline Calvert, daughter of Charles, fifth Lord Baltimore; Gen. Chas. Lee ordered his arrest, 1776, but Council of Safety refused to obey; Eden's grandson, Sir Frederick, was killed at battle of New Orleans; Caroline county and Caroline street, Baltimore, were named after Lady Eden, and Eden street after the Governor; county seat of Caroline was originally (1773) named Eden-Town. The baronetcy of Maryland and courtesy title of Ross-of-Bladensburg (see Marine) appear in the English peerages. Sir William Eden, baronet of Maryland, U. S. A. (Debrett) is fifth of the line and seventh baron of Auckland. [Life and Administration of Sir Robert Eden, J. H. U., Nos. 7-9, 16th series. Western Maryland in the Revolution, J. H. U., No. 1, 20th series; Beginnings of Maryland, J. H. U., Nos. 8, 9, 10, 21st series.]

Taney, Roger Brooke (1777-1864).—Native of Calvert county; died in Washington. Graduate of Dickinson, 1795; admitted to

the bar, 1799, locating at Prince Frederick; in House of Delegates same year; removed to Frederick, 1801; defended General James Wilkinson, also a native of Calvert, 1811, before a court-martial, on charges growing out of the Burr conspiracy; State Senator, 1816-21; removed to Baltimore, 1823; Attorney-General of Maryland, 1827, and of United States, 1831; Secretary of the Treasury, 1833, and Chief Justice United States Supreme Court, 1836-1864; buried at Frederick.

THOM, DECOURCY W.—Resides at Blakeford, Queenstown, Maryland; active in public affairs; writer and speaker. FREDERIC EMORY (1853-1908). A native of Queen Anne's; journalist and attache Department of State, Washington.

THOMAS, JAMES W.—Lawyer, Cumberland. School commissioner Allegany county. [Chronicles of Colonial Maryland.]

THOMAS, JOHN, ESQ., of West River.—Poet; wrote in latter half of eighteenth century. ["From the Genius of America," inscribed to Washington on his return to Mount Vernon, December, 1783. Extracts in Prose and Verse by a Lady of Maryland. Published by Frederick Green, Annapolis, 1808.]

THURSTON, LUCY MEACHAM (1862 —).—Native of Virginia; resides in Baltimore city. Novelist. [Mistress Brent; A Story of Lord Baltimore's Colony in 1638. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1901.]

TODD, ROBERT W. (1831-1906).—Native of Caroline county; died in Baltimore city. For 53 years Methodist Episcopal clergyman, entering Wilmington Conference, 1853; graduate of Dickinson; member Constitutional Convention of 1864; Register of Wills of Caroline county; agent Maryland Bible Society. [Methodism of the Peninsula, Philadelphia, 1885.]

TOWNSEND, GEORGE ALFRED (1841 —).—Native of Georgetown, Delaware; journalist, author and poet. The scenes of his "Katy of Catoctin" are laid on the Western Shore, and those of "The Entailed Hat" on the Eastern. Also wrote "Tales of the Chesapeake" and several unpublished novels relating to Maryland. Correspondent in the field during the Civil War and later at Washington; voluminous writer on history and politics; resides at

Gapland, Washington county. Commodore Stephen Decatur (1779-1820) was a native of Worcester county; killed at Bladensburg in a duel with Commodore Barron. General William H. Winder (1775-1820) was a native of Somerset county; died in Baltimore. He commanded at the battle of Bladensburg, 1814, after having performed distinguished service in the North; lawyer and State Senator. Governor Henry A. Wise, of Virginia (1806-1876), was a noted Congressman and a brigadier-general in the Confederate army.

Wallace, Adam.—A Methodist Episcopal clergyman and biographer of the "Island Parson," Joshua Thomas. Thomas (1776-1853) was a native of Somerset.

Wallis, Severn Teackle (1816-1894).—Native of Baltimore city. Began study of law under William Wirt and attained highest distinction at the bar; publicist, poet, civil service reformer, legislator; president Maryland Historical Society, provost University of Maryland; LL.D., St. Mary's College, St. John's. His writings have been published in four volumes (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, 1896). Mr. Wallis possessed one of the keenest and most brilliant intellects ever known in Maryland. [Address at unveiling of the statue of Chief Justice Taney in front of the State House, Annapolis, December 10, 1872.]

Welby, Mrs. Amelia B. Coppuck (1819-1852).—Native of St. Michael's; died in Louisville, Ky. Poet; pen name, "Amelia." Her longest poem, "Pulpit Eloquence," describes the preaching at St. Michael's of Rev. T. H. Stockton, a Methodist Protestant clergyman, afterward chaplain House of Representatives and United States Senate, and half-brother of Frank R. Stockton, the novelist. [Pulpit Eloquence.]

White, Rev. Andrew, Society of Jesus (1579-1656).—Native of London; accompanied first colonists to Maryland, and his "relation" of the voyage and early settlement is authoritative; in 1644 he was sent in chains to England by Claiborne's followers and died there. [Narrative of a Voyage to Maryland. M. H. S., No. 7, 1874.]

White, John T.—Native of Middletown, Maryland; for fifteen years principal of Union Street School, Cumberland; County

School Superintendent of Allegany for six years; since August, 1908, County Superintendent of Frederick; lecturer and poet.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF (1807-1892).—Native of Massachusetts and called the "Quaker Poet." Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist, and Dorothea L. Dix, the Union army nurse, supplied Whittier with the story on which he based "Barbara Frietchie" and he said as late as November, 1885: "Of the substantial truth of the heroism of Barbara Frietchie I can have no doubt; she was the boldest and most outspoken Unionist in Frederick, and manifested it to the rebel army in an unmistakable manner." Col. G. W. F. Vernon relates an incident of the old woman's clash with a Confederate soldier, who, while Longstreet's corps in passing her house joked with her, pulled down her little flag with his bayonet, but says that the "rebels" took the old woman's vocal disapproval good-humoredly. Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, present with Lee's army in the march through Frederick, denied that there was any foundation for Whittier's poem. As a classic in American literature, however, it is destined to live and the lacking of fact is atoned for by poetic license. In a note in the Century (vol. 29) Dr. J. W. Palmer says: "To Mrs. Sara Andrew Shafer, a lady who had written gracefully and lovingly of 'Old Frederick,' I am indebted for reminiscences which curiously connect the name of the patriot governor with that of a staunch old woman whose fame a patriot poet has identified with the banner Tom Johnson delighted to glorify. In the year following the Revolution General Washington was on several occasions the guest of Governor Johnson in Frederick. Once, at a supper given in his honor at 'The Tavern,' a cup of tea was poured (from a teapot still reverently cherished) by the hands of a young girl whom we all know now as Barbara Frietchie."

WILHELM, LEWIS W.—[Sir George Calvert, Baron of Baltimore. M. H. S., No. 20, 1884.]

WILSON, JAMES GRANT (1832 —).—Native of Scotland. Federal soldier in the Civil War; author. [A Maryland Manor. M. H. S., 30, 1890.]

WILSON, ROBERT.—Magazine writer. PACA (1740-1799) began his legal career in Annapolis in 1766; was elected governor in

1782 and appointed chief judge of the General Court, 1778, chief judge Court of Appeals and Admiralty, 1780, and by Washington judge of the District of Maryland, 1789. He was born and died at Wye Hall. [Wye Island. Lippincott's, April, 1877.]

YELLOTT, COLEMAN (1821-1870).—Native of Baltimore county; died in Leesburg, Va. Lawyer; Delegate in General Assembly from Harford county; State Senator from Baltimore city; in Confederate service during Civil War; brother of Judge George Yellott. [Poems, 1850.]

YELLOTT, GEORGE (1819-1902).—Native of Baltimore county; died in Towson. Admitted to Baltimore bar, 1841, and practiced at Belair, removing to Towson, 1858; chief judge Third Judicial Circuit, 1867-1889, and associate judge Court of Appeals. Author several volumes satire, drama, poetry. Major SAMUEL RINGGOLD, U. S. army (1800-1846) was a native of Washington county, son of General Samuel Ringgold, graduate of West Point, aide to General Winfield Scott; mortally wounded at Palo Alto May 8, 1846, dying at Point Isabel, Texas, May 11; commanded flying artillery in Taylor's army. [Maid of Peru and Other Poems.]

BABCOCK, WILLIAM H. — A Washington lawyer, novelist and poet. [Kent Fort Manor, 1903. Tower of Wye, 1901. Lays From Over Sea. London, 1882.]

BATTLE MONUMENT.—Calvert street, Baltimore; erected in memory of the Americans killed at the battle of North Point, 1814. Some of the names borne on the monument are referred to in Mr. Marine's poem, p. 106.

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MARYLAND REVOLUTIONARY MONUMENT.—On Mount Royal Plaza, Baltimore, erected by the Maryland Society Sons of the American Revolution.

SEARIGHT, THOMAS B.—Resident of Uniontown, Pa. [The Old Pike, a history of the National Road.]

SZOLD, HENRIETTA.—[Jewish Encyclopedia.]

TUTTLE, JOHN ELLERY.—[New England Magazine, Vol. 28.]

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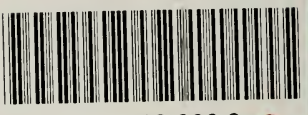
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